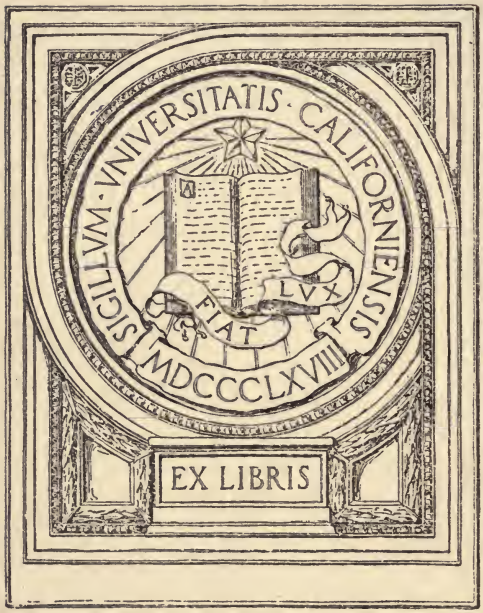
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REMINISCENCES OF ETON.

Keate

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REMINISCENCES OF ETON

(KEATE'S TIME)

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"REMINISCENCES OF THE COURT AND TIMES OF KING ERNEST OF HANOVER."

IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1888.

TO

MY GRANDCHILDREN

WHO,

BY THEIR CHILDREN AND CHILDREN'S CHILDREN,

WILL, I HOPE,

'KEEP THE POT BOILING' AT ETON FOR MANY YEARS TO COME,

AND WHO,

THOUGH IN THESE REFINED DAYS THEY MAY NOT HAVE

HALF AS MUCH FUN AS THERE WAS IN KEATE'S TIME,

MAY STILL PERHAPS LEARN SOMETHING

TO MAKE THEM APPRECIATE AND UPHOLD THE DEAR OLD PLACE

FROM THE 'REMINISCENCES'

OF

THEIR GRANDFATHER.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

REMINISCENCES OF ETON.

CHAPTER I.

ADVANTAGES OF ETON.

SIX BROTHERS AT ETON—ADVANTAGE OF BEING ETON FELLOWS —'THE HAPPY FEW'—NO GREAT ADVANTAGES IN SYSTEM OF EDUCATION—SPARSE KNOWLEDGE OF HISTORY—NO IDEA OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR—MASTERS CURBED BY SUPERIOR AUTHORITY—ETON, 'WITH ALL THY FAULTS I LOVE THEE STILL.'

ETON, 'with all thy faults I love thee still.'

I was at Eton about nine years from Upper Greek to Captain. We were six brothers there, and I have always said that if I had six sons (I am thankful to say I have not), and could, by any possible rubs and scrubs and screws and parings, have afforded it, I would have sent them all to Eton for at least a year, to give them the tone and let them have the pleasure and advantage of being Eton Fellows into

whatever profession they went and wherever they were scattered in any part of the world.

My five brothers, I know, agree with me as to how much of their happiness in after-life they owe to old Eton and all its freemasonry and friendship in every clime and in every place. My sixth brother—who was preparing for Eton (not that it wanted much preparation in those days), and who missed going there by having an appointment offered at Woolwich (then a matter of nomination) though he passed a very successful career as R. H. A. and Staff-College-man and very young General,—always had one regret, in all the places where he served in various parts of the world in both hemispheres, that his mother who was left a widow, and his two elder brothers who were left his guardians, did not foresee the grand advantage which they themselves enjoyed, and send him to the old school, if it had been only for one half, in order to be enrolled in the 'few, the happy few,' the 'band of brothers' who could call themselves Eton Fellows.

I do not refer, in any thought of self or grand-children, to any advantages in the sys-

tem of education (though I shall have something to say in its favour in consequence of results), for I think it was simply disgraceful that, in return for all that was paid for us, and after many years of the curriculum at that time, we should—or might, as some did—come away without writing a respectable hand; without any knowledge of the etymology of our language, or, in simpler terms, without being able to spell; without knowing how to do a rule-of-three sum, without any acquaintance with common geography not only of the world, but not even of Great Britain, scarcely perhaps of England; without knowing whether the sun went round the earth, or the earth round the sun, or whether the moon was or was not 'made of green cheese;' without any knowledge of history except the stories they learnt at home in the nursery of Alfred and the cakes, of Canute and his courtiers on the sea-shore, and how

> 'William the Conqueror long did reign,
> And Billy his son by an arrow was slain:'

how

> 'Henry the first was a scholar bright,
> And Stephen was forced for his crown to fight:'

who would perhaps astonish many by rattling off verses in Latin and Greek, and by saying hundreds of lines every week from the poets of both the classical languages, and yet had no idea of English grammar, and could not write an essay or even a letter in their own language; who, upon the introduction of competition for the different professions, had need to go to crammers—after many years' career at Eton, even to upper division and sixth form—in order to be coached in all those things common and necessary for the education of a gentleman.

There is no doubt this was a fact. Many will have been lamentably conscious of it in their own cases.

Though in these reminiscences I may seem at first to disparage the system—which I fully intend to do, without any reflection upon my old master who was unable to make any change, being curbed by superior authority—still I hope while telling the truth—hard truth, perhaps, in some cases—I shall not be supposed to disparage the dear old school, for which I think my good-will can be tested as follows:

My father and his brother were at Eton; my

grandfather, I believe, was there, though the Eton list does not extend so far back; we were, as I have said, six brothers there; I had eleven first cousins there, two brothers-in-law, ten nephews, and one son-in-law; and I have had four grand-children there, and more are to go. After that, when I record some of the fun of the school, and some of the peculiarities, not to say eccentricities of the college staff, I hope I shall not be found to 'exaggerate or aught set down in malice,' but rather hold fast to my theme from beginning to end: Eton, 'with all thy faults I love thee still.'

CHAPTER II.

KEATE'S CHARACTER.

BOOKS ON ETON—DR. KEATE—KINGLAKE'S VISION OF KEATE IN CAIRO—A GOOD SCHOLAR—HIS TEMPER—HIS ILL-HUMOUR—'A FAIR GIRL, WITH GOLDEN HAIR'—THE BOY KICKED DOWN-STAIRS—THE 'TIMES'' DESCRIPTION OF KEATE—KEATE'S METHOD WITH MOODY AND SANKEY—'A GREAT MAN'—HIS DECISION, ENERGY, AND FIERCENESS—A STALWART FLOGGER—SIR FRANCIS DOYLE'S TESTIMONY—LYTE'S TESTIMONY.

WITH two such interesting and exhaustive books extant as 'Eton College, 1440 to 1875,' by H. G. Maxwell Lyte, and 'Etoniana,' by whom written I do not know, but I have been told—and I think there is internal evidence of it—not by an Eton man, it is not necessary for me—even if that were my line—to refer to any of the statistics of the college, ancient or modern: my scope is confined to Keate's time, and only some part of Keate's time. I shall refer to some

stories recorded by Lyte, and the author of 'Etoniana,' and I propose to correct and supplement some minor points, and to introduce some other stories well known to Eton men of the time, though not to the writers above-mentioned, who were not Eton men.

Keate is solely and especially my theme, and, for the benefit of those who do not remember him, I think it right at the outset to quote what may almost be said to be a stereotyped classical description of him given by Kinglake in his 'Eöthen.' To understand it, I think the whole extract must be given. The scene is at Cairo.

'I sent for an old man who was held to be the chief of the magicians, and desired him to show me the wonders of his art. The first experiment that he attempted to perform for me was that of showing me the forms and faces of my absent friends, not to me, but to a boy brought from the streets for the purpose, and said to be chosen at random.

'The boy was made to sit down, and a common green shade was bound over his brow. Then the wizard took ink, and continuing his incantations wrote certain mysterious figures on

the boy's palm, and directed him to rivet his attention on these marks without looking aside for an instant.

'I was called upon to name the absent person whose form was to be made visible, and I named "Keate."

'You are not an Etonian, and I must tell you therefore what manner of man it was that I named, though I think you must have some idea of him already; for wherever, from utmost Canada to Bundelcund, there was a white-washed wall to an officer's room, or any other apartment in which English gentlemen were forced to kick their heels, there, likely enough, in the days of his reign, the head of Keate would be seen, scratched or drawn with those various degrees of skill which one observes in representations of saints. Anybody, without a notion of drawing, could still draw a speaking, nay, scolding likeness of Keate. If you had no pencil, you could draw him well enough with the poker or the leg of a chair in the smoke of a candle.

'He was very little more, if more at all, than five feet in height; and was not very great in

girth, but within this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions. He had really a noble voice, and this he could modulate with great skill, but he had also the power of quacking like an angry duck, and he almost always adopted this mode of communication in order to inspire respect. He was a capital scholar, but his "ingenuous* learning" had *not* softened his manners, and had permitted him to be "fierce, tremendously fierce." He had a complete command over his temper—I mean his good temper,—but he scarcely ever allowed it to appear. You could not put him out of humour, that is, the ill-humour which he thought to be fitting for the head-master. His red shaggy eyebrows were so prominent that he habitually used them as arms and hands for the purpose of pointing at any object whatever to which he wished to direct attention. The rest of his features were equally striking in their way, and were all in all his own. He wore a fancy dress partly resembling the costume of Napoleon, and partly that of a widow-

* 'Ingenuos didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mires nec sinit esse feros.'

woman. I could not have named anybody more decidedly differing in appearance from the rest of the human race.

'"Whom do you name?"

'"I name John Keate."

'"Now, what do you see?" said the wizard to the boy.

'"I see a fair girl, with golden hair, blue eyes, pallid face, rosy lips——"

'There was a shot. I shouted out my laughter with profane exultation, and the wizard, perceiving the grossness of his failure, declared that the boy had known sin (and none but the innocent can see truth), and accordingly kicked him downstairs.'

There was another description of Keate given in the *Guardian* and copied into the *Times* a few years ago, upon the occasion of some weak and hesitating indecision of the Eton authorities when they were asked to allow Moody and Sankey to address and inquire into the religious feeling of the boys:

'Times are certainly changed. There was once a head-master at Eton called Dr. Keate, and many members of the House of Lords and

Commons have trembled at his name—if indeed they do not still. In mind he was compounded of the lion and the turkey-cock. In bodily appearance he consisted of a red face with fiery eyes, surmounted by a three-cornered cocked hat, and supported by a silk gown with pudding sleeves, not too heavy to embarrass the arm in flogging—in all, five feet five inches high, more or less. His voice was that of a brazen trumpet with a cold in its head. Those who have had the privilege of being whipped by him will be appalled at considering what would have happened if he had been asked to allow Moody and Sankey to set up a tent on the Brocas and inquire into the morals and religion of the Eton boys.

'For a time, no doubt, the extremity of astonishment would have kept him dumb. His face would have quivered, his eyes would have blazed. But at last he would have spoken with his tongue. "Moody and Sankey, sir,—who are Moody and Sankey, sir? Tell Moody and Sankey from me, sir, that I am perfectly surprised at their impertinence. Sermon on the Brocas on Tuesday afternoon from four to six.

Tell Moody and Sankey from me, sir, that I shall attend their performance, and Moody and Sankey's clerk, sir, will save me trouble if he will tell all the boys present to stay afterwards. Newspapers, sir: do you dare to talk to me of newspapers? Prepostor, turn him out of the room. And, prepostor, tell the under-masters and dames to inform the boys that on Tuesday next there will be two extra absences at half-past four and half-past five." Such or such like, we may say with the utmost confidence, would have been the conclusions, probably the words, of that great man.'

This description was considered by many friends to be too strong and too one-sided, and, from my peculiar relations to the good old man, I was requested to answer it. Accordingly I sent the following letter to the *Guardian*, which appeared in its columns on June 30th, 1875:—

DR. KEATE.

To the Editor of the 'Guardian.'

'SIR,

'You gave a description last week of Dr. Keate as head-master. His reputation

in that character is world-wide. You call him "a great man." I thank you for that word; myriads will endorse it. Having served under him for nine years from Lower School to Captain, having "had the privilege" (as you call it) "of being whipped by him," and having superintended a noted general whipping of upwards of a hundred boys one fine summer's night, by which the back of an intended rebellion was broken, I can fully endorse all that you say as to his decision, energy, and even fierceness; but as you describe him in only one aspect, as Dr. Keate of the Upper School, and with a sting of caricature which may give pain to the family, I venture to hope you will allow me, who not only "had the privilege of being whipped by him," but also the far greater privilege and happiness of being his curate, to fill up the picture as to Dr. Keate in private life, and to assure your readers of this generation, who might otherwise form a false impression of the "great man," that, in the latter character, he was everything that was kind, courteous, mild, amiable, and—what those who did not know him will not anticipate, but those who

did know him will fully confirm—both in manners and also in voice—*gentle.* The fierceness and the "brazen trumpet" were in the private circle unknown.

'C. A. W.'

This is confirmed in the 'Legacy of an Etonian:'

> 'I ween
> Beneath his rough exterior there lurked
> A kindly heart.'

I am glad to find Sir Francis Doyle in his reminiscences bears his testimony: 'Dr. Keate, with all his faults, was an able and honest man.' And again—'Keate was a "rara avis," the stalwart flogger of so many thousand boys.'

He was rough with the boys, I admit, but neither unkind nor unjust beneath that roughness. He had no favourites, and flogged the son of a duke and the son of a grocer with perfect impartiality. He was also thoroughly manly and right-hearted in the depths of his nature. It must be admitted, no doubt, that, when the higher parts of his character were not touched and roused, he often showed himself to be very

queer indeed. On one occasion the old clock in the school-yard, a clock very prone to error and rapidly approaching its second childhood, chimed three-quarters when it ought to have chimed two o'clock. All those who hung about waiting to hear the hour of 'absence' strike, were not unnaturally late for the roll-call, and therefore Keate's indignation at having the same explanation (a perfectly reasonable one) given him by boy after boy, swelled into a perfect hurricane of real, or, more likely, of seeming rage. One of the gusts of this sham fury rushed upon me. 'Clock, sir, don't talk to me about clocks; if there were no clocks, you would be bound to come in time for absence all the same.' To this I summoned up my courage, and replied, 'Yes, sir, if there were no clocks, but there is a clock.' He glared at me for a moment without speaking, and I was enabled to slip away, but only to hear as I went my successor thundered upon with equal vehemence for repeating the one unavoidable excuse.

An intimate friend and connection gave curious and somewhat qualified praise: 'The old "Baffin" was, I believe, the greatest impostor

of the age. For twenty-seven years he suppressed his natural kindness of heart, and played his part of "ferocious Dr. Busby" in support of his theory that the education and management of boys is to be carried out by intimidation rather than encouragement.

The author of 'Etoniana' says: 'Keate was a great scholar, an elegant poet, a capital teacher, and we must not hold lightly the man who has flogged half the ministers, secretaries, bishops, generals, and dukes of the present century.'

We are glad to add one more testimony. Lyte says: 'Dr. Keate ruled the school with unrivalled vigour for full a quarter-of-a-century; and he never will be forgotten by any who were brought in contact with him.'

CHAPTER III.

FLOGGING.

AUTHORITY FOR FLOGGING—SCRIPTURE QUOTED—'DON'T ANSWER ME, SIR, I'LL FLOG YOU DIRECTLY'—'TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, SIR'—DIFFERENT MODES OF TAKING A FLOGGING—'I DON'T CARE A STRAW'—ORIGIN OF THE NAME 'BAFFIN'—THE PLEIADES—'THE HOWLING DERVISHES'—A TANDEM THROUGH COLLEGE FOR A BET—WITH GREATER DEMUREness THAN USUAL—FINED FOR COCK-FIGHTING ON HIS OWN GROUNDS—AN EVENTFUL DAY—'A BOLD RUSE'—ANOTHER STORY OF ESCAPE—INVITED TO A FLOGGING—'GO HOME AND BE QUIET, LORD ——'—AN UPROARIOUS CHEER—POOR HAWTREY—A ROUGH FELLOW—'BADGER'—'THE REBELLION OF '32'—ORGANISED RESISTANCE—SOMETHING VERY SERIOUS—REBELLION SUBDUED—A SUMMONS GRANTED—NO RODS FOR UNDER-MASTERS.

FLOGGING was the head and front, or perhaps I may say the head and tail, of the system in Keate's time. No doubt none can question the authority for it.

'A rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding.'—*Proverbs* x, 12.

'He that spareth the rod hateth his son: but

he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.'—*Proverbs* xiii, 24.

'Chasten thy son while there is hope. Let not thy rod care for his crying.'—*Proverbs* xix.

'The rod and reproof give wisdom: but the child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.'—*Proverbs* xxix, 15.

Hear ye this, ye squeamish mothers: here is authority ye cannot gainsay. The spade is called a spade. Turn and twist the words as you will, in your tender-hearted and bashful leniency, old Keate *had* a good foundation for his discipline. 'Spare the rod, spoil the child,' was certainly the motto on the college arms in his time.

'Don't answer me, sir, I'll flog you directly,' was—it may be said—a stereotyped phrase in our head-master's book for twenty-seven years of his life, and even after this it sometimes cropped up. I remember some years afterwards, when I was his curate, I was blowing up one of my Hampshire bumpkins after church for some irregularity or misbehaviour. The boy stood with his mouth open and hat on his head, and was just beginning to

make some excuse, when my old rector strutted up, sturdy still in his gait and full of apparent ire which he always put on in his old communication with the boys at Eton; and, probably fancying himself there, with the never-failing umbrella in his hand he poked off the village boy's hat as he said,

'What's this, sir? Don't answer me, sir, take off your hat, sir, I'll flog you directly.'

It really was a curious study, which we prepostors at Eton had before us, to mark the different demeanour of different boys as they came up to—and when on—the block.

Some would come up jauntingly and take their quantum with a smile. Some—even in the serious cases which would entail two birches and double cuts laid on with all the strength of the little doctor's arm—would scout defiance, and not condescend to show that they felt a pang.

One little fellow, who was a constant attendant, really did not care a straw, and he had many followers to whom he imparted his secret. He was a nobleman, eldest son of an earl, and a terribly idle little boy, and was always on the

block sundry times every week. Consequently, for decided idleness he was sure always to get pretty strong desert. He did not lean back, like some with imploring look of appeal. He did not give the holders-down any trouble to pull him or help him on the block. He always walked gaily forward, threw himself well over the block, hid his face in his hands, and bent himself, as he said, 'as tight and hard as a chestnut,' and the cuts to him were then mere flea-bites. He would illustrate this down in the school-yard to others who were in the same boat with him that morning. He said, 'Let me come to you when you are sitting with your leg loose and flabby, and let me give you an unexpected slap on the soft thigh, you will howl pretty well; but let me tell you what I am going to do, and give you time to bend your knee and stiffen every muscle of your leg, and you won't care a straw: that's what I do, and I don't care a straw: look out for yourselves and do as I do.'

There were some more timid and perhaps more tender—locally and in their hearts—than others, who used to whine and cry before their turn came, and howl when they were under

the rod. There were some who did this on purpose to humbug Keate. One was constantly amongst the delinquents, and always used to try to make converts to *his* system, as the little lord did to his, and I think he generally succeeded, as his little friends thought there was a chance of working upon the 'Baffin's'* feelings and inducing the necessary blow to be given lightly.

Once and only once (on record) a triumph was gained over the doctor in his own flogging-room, or—as he was often styled Cocky-Keate—it may perhaps be said on his own dung-hill.

There was a noted little colleger who had

* 'Baffin,' the general name for old Keate in our time, may require a '*σχολια*' to explain it to this generation. He got this name from the sound of his cough, 'Ba-a-affin!' which seemed to us then a continuous malady; but, as he was health and strength personified, and would have been worn out had this been a real chronic cough, we have thought in later times it was always put on to give us notice of his coming. Before turning the different corners—in order, probably, to prevent impudent fellows from running against him by accident or purpose, as had often been tried on—one always heard the well-known 'Ba-a-affin! ba-a-affin!' and then saw the point of his umbrella projected in defence before the cocked hat and sturdy little body appeared; and in school, in the middle of a 'jaw'—in order, no doubt, to give him time to collect his thoughts and words—there was always a 'Ba-a-affin!'

constantly to 'stay afterwards'—certainly once every whole school-day, sometimes more—in the so-called library, which was a *lucus â non lucendo*, for, though there were plenty of shelves, there were no books.

Partly perhaps for a joke, and partly perhaps in piteous pretence and as a burden of his song,

'Pray (doctor) please to moderate your ire,'

he not only writhed and howled while under the lash—which really, laid on sometimes over old or rather recent stripes, seemed almost a cruelty—but he always began to wriggle and howl before he was 'taken down.' He had indoctrinated a number of 'young scamps' who, from so often being fellow-sufferers (a 'fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind'), seemed—at least, in the library—to be his friends.

This was particularly the case with the 'Pleiades,' a name given by Coleridge to seven idle, if not stupid fellows who sat together and whom he always called up one after the other, and—with, as it seemed to us, a malicious pleasure—used to put one after the other into the bill, provoking for the first two or three the smiles, for the next the open laugh, and for

the last the open roar from all the division. These formed what the boys called the 'howling dervishes;' not that any cry was extorted from them from fear or pain, not that they cared a straw for the flogging, but they howled from sheer impudence, for the fun of the thing.

They were not scamps in a bad, criminal sense, though the masters applied this name to them. They were fine, hearty, high-spirited boys, who hated verses and lessons in general, but who were up to anything else. They could scull and swim, and ride and shoot, and jump and run (from gamekeepers and masters), in fact, do anything in the shape of field-sports, including those of Bachelor's Acre and the Brocas;* they coaxed and then milked the cows into each other's mouths when the animals were freely pastured and unwatched in South Meadow; they ran over to Dawnay or Chalvey Common after twelve, with a bridle in their pockets, and caught a couple of horses that had been blistered and turned out for the summer, and they had their gallops—just to

* Dog-fighting, badger-baiting, rat-catching, cock-fighting.

test the efficacy of the remedies—and then they let the old screws loose again and ran back to absence. One of them was the youngster who, dressed up as a tiger in livery—top boots and leathers, cockade in his hat, and light wig—sat lolling back, with arms crossed, behind his master, a big fellow who, with false moustache and whiskers, and box-coat and cape *à la* dandy officer of the day, drove a tandem through college for a bet, just as the masters were passing the long walk towards their assembly at 'Chambers' before eleven o'clock school. One, really an officer of the Blues, who had lately left school and was well-known to the masters, and who was the real owner of the tandem, sat at the side of the driver, and nodded to one of the masters—his old tutor—as he passed. They pulled up at the door of the Christopher, and talked with a knot of friends, while scouts were watching for Keate to come down his lane, and, as soon as the sign was given that the doctor was near, the tandem, with its spirited team, dashed forward and nearly ran over the old master as he crossed the road.

Spiers'* Corner was reached; the regular grooms were there to hold the horses; the owner took his own reins. The lads, who had won their bets, quickly changed their toggery, while the masters, without an inkling of the real impudence that had taken place, discussed in chambers the danger that the head-master had just escaped from the plunging and excitement of the two restive horses caused by the laughter of the assembled boys (who had been in the secret, and in uproarious delight at the success of their heroes' enterprise). All went duly to their seats, and commenced the daily lesson with far more demureness than usual, and if the masters ever had an idea of the insult that had been really offered, nothing transpired to disturb the full delight of the boys' triumph, which was bruited all over the world where Eton larks were appreciated, and where the names were toasted, of the big fellow who became a noted brewer, and the little one a county squire, who long carried on some of his propensities as to 'field sports,' including

* So called then from a hot-roll and sock-shop kept by three sisters of that name, which stood at the corner opposite the gate of Western's Yard.

badger-baiting and cock-fighting, in common with some of the nobles of the land at that day. Indeed, I feel I must confess to a fact that, many years afterwards, he, of mature age, a county J.P., was heavily fined at his own quarter-sessions for having a cock-fighting party in his own grounds on a Sunday afternoon. This was by no means an uncommon case in the sometimes-called 'good old times' of our grandfathers; and so, as he learnt the fun, as they thought it, at home, and carried it on at school, we must not judge him too harshly, while we rejoice that these are not the practices of our homes or of 'old Eton' in the present day.

But now we must hark back to our little colleger. There was an eventful day when all the 'constellation' had been called up and put in the bill as usual, and he himself was also there, as a matter of course, it being Friday—whole-school day. It also happened to be Windsor Fair, when the usual squibs, and crackers, and cuckoos, and penny-whistles, &c., had been going on in the school-yard, and the

masters dodging about in the dusk (Nov. at five), had arrested a considerable number of law-breakers, and so a formidable list of upwards of five-and-twenty had to 'stay afterwards,' and the library was actually crowded with friends to witness the execution, knowing that there was sure to be some fun with the 'howling dervishes.' Our little friend planned a bold 'ruse' which turned out successful. He arranged with the 'Pleiades' that the common herd of lesson delinquents, whose business was generally despatched quickly and noiselessly, should go first to the block; then the crackers, &c., 5th of November culprits, who were sure to draw out some absorbing 'jawbation' from the doctor; then the dervishes were to do their part, which would keep up the excitement of the execution, while he was to skulk, in apparent terror as usual, back to the last. After two or three of the batch of 'howlers' had come under the lash, he began to rub and writhe with his breeches down, and, when the 'dervishes' were despatched, the doctor, *thinking he had flogged him*, gave him a cut on the head with the birch,

saying, 'Get away, G——, why do you stand here—there, get away, and mind you don't come here again—this week' (there was only one more day). G—— did not wait for any decent adjustment, but, gathering up his breeches, bolted into the crowd with the tail of his shirt hanging out, and, putting his finger to his nose, bounded down the stairs and finished his 'toilette' in the school-yard amidst uproarious cheers at old Keate's very chamber door.

So once and only once the great man was baffled by a little Tug.

I have heard another story of escape from condign punishment, and though it did not occur till a few months after Keate's time, and my time, I think I may record it as a pendant to the other, and one which ought to be rescued from oblivion and preserved to 'memory dear' in any Reminiscences of Eton. I tell the tale as it was told to me many years ago by a near relation of the hero of the story, and I hope I have neither omitted nor perverted any details. A noble lord had been sent up to be flogged, for what offence I do not know, but I am afraid a serious one, as the assistant-masters

knew Hawtrey's antipathy to the vulgar flogging, and would not have sent up anyone, as in our time, for a mere school-lesson offence.

Special friends were invited by the young peer 'to come and see him flogged, he was going to have some fun.' The news ran like wildfire through the school, and on the eventful morning 'the library'*—no doubt to Hawtrey's surprise and probable disgust—was crowded.

This drew out some pertinent remarks about 'disgraceful curiosity—however, he would not infringe upon the hilarity of the boys, if they were so ill-minded as to wish to make use of the library as an open court on such an occasion.' The only answer was a titter, and more and more crowded in from the stairs till there was scarcely standing-room.

The culprit had invested a crown in learning a trick at Windsor Fair from a clown in a booth on Bachelor's Acre. He had practised it at his tutor's, and, being pronounced an adept, he was to throw off in public for the first time in the library, for the amusement of his friends, and to get a rise out of Hawtrey, who—civil to all—

* Then flogging-room.

was peculiarly civil, and, as was thought, partial and toady to anyone with a handle to his name. Birch in hand, the new head-master said,

'I am so grieved to see you here, Lord * ——, the last person I should have expected, but the discipline of the school must be upheld. Kneel down.' And, almost turning away his head, he laid on the first stroke so gently it would scarcely have swept off a fly.

Up jumped Lord —— in the air, as if he had been shot or galvanised, and came down on all fours with outspread palms on the boards, with a noise which none but a professional clown or a very apt pupil would have made.

Hawtrey rushed forward in consternation, and helped the lad up.

'Oh, I am so sorry, Lord ——, I hope I haven't hurt you, Lord ——, touched some nerve, no doubt. Go home and be quiet, Lord ——. Better send for Mr. Ellison,† Lord ——.'

Lord —— adjusted his clothes in the library.

* In our time, noblemen were always called at absence and addressed in school as Lords So-and-so. I am glad to hear this has been given up.

† The Windsor doctor at that time.

There was, to Hawtrey's surprise, a general titter; this broke out into a 'guffaw' as they followed their victorious hero four steps at a time down the stairs, when they saluted him in the school-yard with an uproarious cheer.

I should not omit to mention that Hawtrey sent his servant in the evening to inquire after my lord, but he had gone up in his boat to Surley Hall!

Poor Hawtrey! with all his good intentions and over-politeness to the boys, I am afraid—from what I have heard from relations and friends of his time—he was far more humbugged than old Keate with his sharpness and unmitigated bluster.

There was a rough young fellow in our time who, as far as I know, has never been noted in any annals of Eton, and who seems to deserve a place in the records of flogging. He had a great love of sundry 'field-sports' that took place on the Brocas and on Bachelor's Acre, including dog-fighting, cock-fighting, rat-killing, and badger-baiting, for which latter 'sport' he kept in his room (it was said this could only have been possible in the single

house where he boarded) and trained his own peculiar animal. For this he was reported to head-quarters, and was had up for condign punishment.

Old Keate shouldered his birch and harangued the criminal while the 'taking-down' was carried on. 'His conduct was disgraceful; he shirked his tutor; he got up no lessons for school; he had been seen carrying his own badger-bag on the Brocas; and another day actually going up town with his cock under his arm; if he did not mend his ways, he would live unrespected and die unregretted,' (swish, swish, six sharp cuts which seemed to make as little impression on the rough customer as they would have done upon his badger), 'and—an—a—a—and,' (cough) 'give me another birch. I have no opinion of a boy who keeps a badger.' Swish, swish the other six, and the boy was ever afterwards stamped with the nickname of 'Badger.'

While upon the subject of flogging we must not pass over what Lyte calls 'the rebellion of '32.' In this account there are some slight inaccuracies which require correction. At page

374 he says, 'The lower division of the fifth form had taken offence at being ordered to answer to their names every evening in summer at eight o'clock.'

In 'Etoniana' we read, 'The lower fifth form, for some general offence or other, were ordered to attend at eight o'clock-absence from which they were ordinarily exempt.'

The offence, as I remember, was as follows:

Keate had, for some reason or other, which the boys deemed insufficient, expelled a boy who was a general favourite, or at least forced him to leave the school, because he refused to submit to a flogging.

At the first absence after his departure, when his name was left out by the doctor, the boys called it out and 'booed' on all sides. Keate stormed and threatened, if such a thing were done again, he would lay on an extra absence.

It was again done the next day much louder, much longer, and much more impertinently than before, and the order was then given that all who were present from the time that the 'booing' began down to the time when the

punishment was declared, were to appear at an extra absence at eight.

A letter from one of the victims given in 'Etoniana' says, 'The absence had continued a week when a report was spread that there was to be no absence that evening, and all adjourned to the river,' &c.

I believe this account—though a 'victim' ought to remember—was not quite correct. I believe the boys all agreed *at once* that they would not go to an extra absence, and agreed unanimously that, if summoned to the block, they would refuse to submit to punishment.

Keate came at his appointed time, and 'found,' says Lyte, 'only two weak-spirited individuals;' or—as the 'victim' writes—'the school was represented by a half-silly fellow peeping out from the door of Lower Chamber.' This I believe to have been the case; but one point, which I have always heard and which both the writers have omitted, was, that Keate, in his rage at seeing his orders set at nought, instead of patting on the head the little fellow who *was* there, seized him by the collar and shook him in his shoes.

No doubt a light now broke in upon the doctor as to the very serious position of affairs. There was evidently an organised resistance to his authority on the part of at least a hundred boys. They were banded together. No doubt they would not submit to the necessary consequence of disobedience to his orders—a good flogging. He could not almost break up the school by sending away about a fifth of its members. Something must be done, and 'if 'twere done 'twere well it were done quickly.'

It was now some time past eight o'clock. Keate went to his chambers and despatched notes to all the masters to meet him in council as soon as they had called absence at the lock-up-time at a quarter-to nine.

By a quarter-past nine all were assembled, and the 'victim' in 'Etoniana' tells the story well. 'Keate had not learnt Latin for nothing. "Divide et impera" was a useful motto in present circumstances.' All the masters saw the wisdom of 'breaking the bundle of sticks,' and went off to the houses where they had called absence to fetch the delinquents in different relays without allowing any communication.

By a quarter-to ten the first batch had arrived, and all is capitally told in 'Etoniana' as to what took place in the darkness when each master had his own relay by the separate arches under the upper school. I now proceed to supplement the account in Lyte's book, and in 'Etoniana,' by a description of what I saw and heard of the proceedings, 'Quorum pars—if not pars magna fui,' for I was 'the colleger with about a dozen long rods who is described as handing them fresh and fresh to Keate.'

I happened to be the prepostor of the week, and as such I had to keep the key of the birch-cupboard and to superintend the daily executions. I was just going to sit down to supper about ten o'clock when I was summoned to come to Keate with the key of the birch-cupboard and two boys to hold down.

Something very serious was going to take place, I could see by the old Baffin's manner, as he took the first birch and stood with it at shoulder-arms.

A master appeared with two boys, and Keate, with a short remark upon their disgraceful insubordination, told one of them to kneel, but the

youngster had no idea of unloosing a button, and he distinctly refused to be flogged.

'Very well,' said Keate, rather nervously, I thought, 'then you will be expelled from the school to-morrow.'

The same order, 'Kneel down, sir,' received the same sort of answer from the second boy, and the two young independent squires, as they happened to be, left the library.

The next batch of three demurred to the call of 'kneel down' not so resolutely; Keate's quick eye evidently saw their want of decision, and he raised his voice and rod accordingly, and the first timid little fellow was well flogged, and the other two also, after some very slight resistance. Another tutor with another batch appeared, and just then I heard as distinctly as possible through the open window (it was a very hot summer's night) voices plainly speaking through their hands, as trumpets, 'Don't be flogged: we haven't been flogged; don't be flo-og-ged: we haven't been flo-og-ogged;' coming from the nearest master's house, evidently from the two who had first refused to be flogged, and had now got home to their tutor's; but

the more they hallooed, the more old Keate raised his voice and poured out his threat of expulsion, and met any demur with a cut on the head with his birch, getting fiercer and fiercer as he found the resistance weaker, and so he went on carrying out the execution over each successive relay till it was near one in the morning. When the last luckless wight was taken down on the block, lo! and behold, he had a check shirt on. He had been up in his boat and had gone to bed in his colours, but boats were not allowed then, and check shirts were contrary to the rules of the school, and so—as this was a big fellow who had almost shown a cheeky determination to refuse to be flogged—Keate took advantage of the occasion, and saying, 'Contrary to the rules of the school, give me another birch,' 'let into' the last boy with a double number of cuts tighter than the rest.

'Twas done,'—the boys were beaten—the rebellion was crushed—there was a general consternation in the morning to find all had been flogged but two. Many were disgusted with themselves; had they found congenial spirits in

their relays, they would have braved it out, but, as separate sticks, they were easily broken. In the morning the two were had up before the whole school. It was plain they would be expelled if they held out. They saw no use in being solitary victims, and so they caved in and were well flogged and turned down.

Keate was 'himself again.' And so, says the victim in 'Etoniana,' 'Our incipient rebellion came to an inglorious end.'

Flogging, against which for various reasons there is much prejudice in these days of refinement, was, and is now, very different at Eton and the other public schools, and in the general run of Board and elementary and private schools. In the latter, the boys are punished on the moment by the very master whom they have offended; there is then a fear of the arm of the Law being too strong, and of justice not being tempered with mercy.

Old Keate was simply the executioner in a system in which flogging was the chief factor, and Keate, I believe, carried it out with strict impartiality in regard to the weight and measure of the punishment. He gave first faults, and it

was astonishing how light were the nominal six cuts for a common school offence. Of course a second and third appearance—particularly within a short interval—for idleness, got it a 'little tighter,' whereas graver delinquencies got perhaps two birches.

But then there was no arguing, no incitement to real anger—if there was, as there certainly was, apparent anger, it was, as Kinglake says, what the doctor thought necessary to assume in his communication with the boys. Keate left the whole responsibility of putting a boy in the bill and sending him to be flogged to the master who laid the complaint. If the boy was sent up on the bill, he was sure to be flogged.

'Don't answer me, sir,'—if the boy wanted in any way to palliate his offence, his mouth was immediately stopped, and probably with a cut on the head with the birch into the bargain —'don't answer me, sir—I have nothing to do with that, sir; take him down;' and, if force were exercised by the boys in 'office for aid,' the victim probably got an extra cut for presuming to question the assistant-master's discretion in sending him up for punishment.

But it was certainly wonderful with what speed, and indeed *gentleness*, the common business was dispatched; when not a word was said on the side of executioner or victim, the latter got little more than a tickling which would scarcely warm him up on a cold morning. The little 'mamma's-darlings'—who had merely failed (perhaps accidentally) to say a lesson, and who looked imploringly up into the old doctor's face, and who evidently touched his heart with sorrow that they had been sent up at all—hardly got anything, hardly could say that what the boys called the 'college arms' were stamped upon them.

Now compare for a minute the chastisement so often laid on in smaller schools.

I remember a case being brought up before our Bench at Petty Sessions where the punishment had certainly been very severe, and the schoolmaster was summoned for an assault.

The boy's back had been exposed to the magistrate by the parent upon making the complaint, and, as it was covered with large weals that had been caused by a stiff, unbend-

ing stick used as the school-pointer, the summons was of course granted.

The master pleaded guilty, but claimed 'justification in his position; that, if the punishment had been severe, it had been deserved: the boy had lied outrageously, had sworn awfully, had used the foulest possible language, and had been very impudent. It was an exceptional case and had been exceptionally treated. He appealed for investigation as to his general treatment of boys; he believed himself that, if he erred, he generally erred in being too lenient; he had not used a cane for a year; he could not pass this case over without corporal punishment, it was too gross; if such a lad was not to be treated with severity, the whole discipline and morality of the school could not be kept up; at least, he owned, he was not fit for a large school such as his, where all his energies had been devoted for many years to carry out discipline and uphold morality, if he was not to be allowed to exercise his judgment and discretion as to severity in extreme cases.'

We were unanimous, without retiring for

consultation, that the correct verdict would be 'served the boy right;' but, without defining that, and in full recollection of Lord Eldon's advice to country magistrates: 'Give your decisions but not your reasons; decide according to a common-sense view of the evidence, you will probably be right: pretend to explain your reasons, you will most likely be wrong,' we simply dismissed the case, with advice to the master not to use a stick in future but a cane, and not to punish at the moment but to let the boy stand out to the end of the lesson, and then make a speech to the whole school and give him his punishment afterwards in the face of only a few witnesses, judiciously chosen from the roughs, to report the whole process to their friends.

I would pass a law, if I could, that no corporal punishment of any sort with rod or cane should be inflicted by an under-master, or, if there is only one master, then never on the moment of an offence, when the blow is likely to be inflicted by the force of anger and violence. I have heard the whole question of flogging discussed at Quarter Sessions, and the limit of

age to which it ought to be restricted in the case of juvenile offenders, and I have heard an influential but dyspeptic private-school-magistrate argue that he thought no boy at all, even if verging on the legal age of sixteen, should be subjected to the six cuts with a birch-rod without previous examination by the surgeon of the gaol and a certificate that the little—probably wild and impudent—waif was fit to undergo such punishment without injury to his health and spirits and nerves!

I recounted some of my reminiscences under old Keate, and particularly the story of the noted flogging-night of 1832. I told them I had probably more experience of flogging than all the members of the Quarter Sessions put together, and that I had never known a case of a boy (and there were then little fellows at Eton of seven, and even six, who were liable to be flogged if they did not attend to their lessons) who had ever suffered more than locally and temporarily from the old scriptural castigation of the rod as it was administered in my time. I have heard stiff old ladies inveigh with horror against any corporal punishment of the boys,

and the indignity put upon a Doctor of Divinity to make him administer it.

'Well, madam, you find fault: perhaps you have something to suggest. How is the discipline of the school to be kept up?'

'Oh! Dr. Keate should have had the boys in and have talked to them.'

'Talk to them! talk to upwards of five hundred boys! Yes, madam, when the week came with four Thursdays,* and days of forty-eight hours long! Talk to them! What should we have done with our one-hundred-and-ten on the noted night of '32? We should never have got to bed at all. Talk to them! Well, I have heard of the "torrent of a woman's tongue"; but, even if our old doctor had been so gifted, I question whether—even with prolonged weeks and days—he would have been able to keep up his discipline over five hundred boys without his legitimate weapon of "the rod for the fool's back."'

Flogging then, on the whole, as we had it at Eton, by the head-master alone, in whose mind there could be no element of spite and conse-

* 'La semaine de quatre Jeudis.'

quent severity, and with a few twigs of birch, applied as it still is, where it is not pleasant but can do no real harm to anyone, I do not hesitate to say I stand up for, let tender mammas and squeamish parents say what they will; and I am quite sure, from my intercourse with my grand-children and other boys, that they had rather the system should be continued, not, as in our time, flogging for everything, but still flogging with certain restrictions; they like short, sharp, and all over, better than extra absences, long lessons to learn by heart, or one thousand seven hundred lines to write out.

As for the indignity placed upon a Doctor of Divinity—well, perhaps there is, but he takes the office with his eyes open and with all its liabilities; and, as in other professions, a good deal may be put up with if it is well paid for, so perhaps it is here. No one in the world is better paid than the head-master of a public school, and, if he has to pocket his pride and delicacy, there is (it is but human nature) perhaps some such feeling as old Horace describes:

'At mihi plaudo
Ipse domi quando nummos contemplor in arcâ.'

CHAPTER IV.

LEARNING BY HEART, AND VERSES.

THE FORMER NOW GIVEN UP—STUDY UNDER DIFFICULTIES—FOOTE THE ACTOR'S ANSWER, 'BECAUSE I MUST'—TOO MUCH LEARNING BY HEART—PLEAS OF INABILITY TO LEARN—ADVANTAGES OF THE SYSTEM—GLADSTONE UNINTELLIGIBLE IN HIS VERSES AS LATER IN HIS SPEECHES—TRANSLATION OF 107TH PSALM—VERSES BY GOVERNOR KEATE—NEVER LOCKED UP AGAIN.

AFTER flogging—the first and chief factor in our Eton system of education at that time, which set all and kept all going—I consider the next factors were learning by heart and verse-making: the first gave a knowledge of the language, the *sine-quâ-non*, and then followed the verses on the part of those who—as some said—had the knack; but I think we must rather give them credit for the νοῦς and talent of composing them. I am sorry for the giving up—as I hear—to a great extent of the learn-

ing by heart, and of that which could never have been acquired without learning by heart —I mean the verses, than which there could be no better discipline for the mind.

No one could learn by heart, and no one could do verses without a concentration of all his thoughts upon the work on which he was employed. I have seen little fellows in Long Chamber getting up their lesson for the next morning, perhaps seventy lines of Homer or Horace to say by heart, or doing their verses on one side while a game of football—with all its noise and cries and cheers—was going on at the other side, beds having been turned up and removed, a course, as it were, having been made along the wall, and regular sides having been chosen; but not a head was turned, not a thought diverted from the book or desk, unless perhaps a ball came across, as it sometimes did, and 'dowsed somebody's glim,' which was a tallow-dip stuck in the hole of a doubled-up book-cover that served for candlestick.

That was, in truth, often learning under difficulties which an oppidan could hardly have conceived. It was said of Foote, the great

actor, that somebody asked him how he could get up so many parts so quickly, and his answer was, 'Because I must.' If anyone had asked the little colleger how he could learn his various seventy lines of Latin and Greek so quickly, and do his verses at night during the turmoil, his answer would have been, 'Because I should be flogged if I didn't.'

I often had discussions with a very clever fellow who afterwards became Chief Justice of one of our colonies. Strange to say, though a fast verse-maker he never was a good one, and he was all for the mental discipline of making verses and also for the quantity we said by heart, which certainly now—looking back—seems to have been an immense strain, being from twelve to twenty verses of Greek Testament (which we had never construed in school, but were supposed to understand) on a Monday morning; some work (I do not remember what) in the pupil-room on Tuesday, a whole holiday; portions from Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius (which we never construed in school or at our tutors'), and which, I am sure, the great majority did not understand, on Wednesday; a

page or more of dry Greek grammar on Thursday morning; seventy lines of Homer at eight on Friday; seventy lines of Virgil at two the same day; and seventy lines of Horace on Saturday morning, or, when Saturday happened to be a whole holiday, then to be said in addition to the Homer and Virgil at five o'clock school on Friday.

How was it done? Not only, I repeat, like Foote, 'because I must,' but 'because I should have been flogged if I had not got it up.' But with this stimulant there were undoubtedly some who could not get it all up. With the best will, their talent did not lie that way. The masters used soon to find this out, and give such fellows only ten lines to learn of every lesson, but those lines must be learnt without a mistake; and, in order not to be taken in, the masters obliged those boys to be there all the time while the others were saying, and to be ready with their ten lines whenever the master chose to call on them, and he very often made the ten-liners wait till the very end. Of course this was not liked; others, who said in their turn, knew pretty well when that would

come, and just got into school and said their parts and were off again, sometimes, I am afraid I must admit, to join a party, particularly in winter, to run up to the inn of Mother Hazell's, at Slough, to have a glass of hot 'early Purl,' and then race back again in time for their breakfast and tutor's construing.

There would no doubt have been many more pleas of inability to learn the whole seventy lines, had not some cunning master devised this plan of uncertainty of the ten-liners' time of being called upon, and the certainty of sometimes—or, as it happened, very often—having to wait in school during the whole hour that the repetition was going on, and only being called upon at the end. I also used to discuss the subject with my friend the future Chief Justice as to whether it would not have been better, as it certainly would, to my mind, have been far more agreeable, to have had our daily tasks set from noted passages of Milton and Shakespeare and other great English poets; but he said—and to his opinion I now quite give in—no, the mental discipline would not have been so good: the concentration of the thoughts would not

have been so complete: the committal to memory would not have been so lengthened a process: the impression on the mind would not have been so deep and—as it was, perhaps—indelible, and the eloquence of many public men in after times would not have been so beautifully illustrated, as often happens now, by apt and telling quotations from the old classic sages.

Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, &c., would always, he said, be learnt afterwards, certainly and willingly, and far more easily in consequence of the former training in the dead languages; whereas the classics, if not learnt by heart at school, would probably, in the press of other matters afterwards, be never learnt at all. Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy, in my humble opinion, I now believe you were quite right. Classics, when once *well* learnt, are not often forgotten—indeed, are often more and more appreciated in declining years. Witness the Marquis of Wellesley.

'By his own desire,' says Lyte, 'he was buried at Eton, and he composed the following beautiful lines for his epitaph:—

'Fortunæ rerumque vagis exercitus undis,
In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tuum.
Magna sequi et summæ mirari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,
Auspice te, didici puer, atque in limine vitæ
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias.
Si qua meum vitæ decursu gloria nomen
Auxerit aut si quis nobilitârit honos,
Muneris, Alma, tui est—Altrix da terra sepulchrum,
Supremam lacrymam da memoremque mei.'

The late Earl of Derby's classical studies are well known even in the toil and whirl of political life. His grand translation of Homer was given to the world in his declining years.

To his lordship the learned compiler of the 'Musæ Etonenses,' the Provost of King's College, Dr. Okes, quoted in his Index Cicero's words (de Republica l. i. 55) as strictly applicable:

'Cum cogeret eum necessitas nulla, nisi amor patriæ, cui plurimum tribuendum esse officii numquam non censuit, in his undis et tempestatibus ad senectutem maluit jactari, quam in illâ tranquillitate atque otio jucundissime vivere.

'Si quid tamen otii contigerit, 'nunquam se minus otiosum esse, quam cum otiosus,' non sine fructu abundanti manifestum reddidit.

'Testis sit liber ille, quanquam formâ non tamen argumento exiguus, quem de sacris in Novo Fædere Parabolis juvenis scripsit.

'Testis sit illa Homeri Ilias de Græcis conversa, quæ nuper in usum publicum venit, quam nostri Græcas literas callentes non magis quam indocti, patriæ linguæ amantes, gratissima cum delectatione legunt et viritim terunt.'

Of Gladstone again, and his study and delight in the classics in after years, the learned Provost writes:

'In otio, si quid otii sibi permiscrit, quid in literis possit, exhibuit. In juventâ ecclesiam cum civitate conjunctam vindicavit: et integrâ ætate Homerum, nunquam, uti visum est, ab ipso neglectum, antiquæ Poeseos et Historiæ Studiosis per scripta sua bis commendavit.'

I might also give a specimen from Gladstone's original verses published in connection with some lines in Latin and Greek by Lord Lyttelton (Lord Lyttelton's are far better, in my opinion).

Gladstone's effusions have certainly been recognised by many as very good. Has it been 'omne ignotum pro magnifico'? I must say for me they have no interest, though no doubt it is my own fault and my own stupidity, for I fairly admit I do not understand them; if he was not then, as was said of him afterwards by Disraeli, 'inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity,' yet he was, to my low judgment, as unintelligible then in his verses as he is now in his speeches, of which there was lately stated in the *Times:*

'Mr. Gladstone's address to his constituents is

exercising the wits of the Irish people, who, however, seem as sorely puzzled to determine what it means as critics on this side of the channel. One commentator, quoted by our Dublin correspondent, says, "All must admit that vagueness, at once comprehensive and incomprehensible, is the essential character of his oracular utterances," which is probably as intelligible an account as can be given of his studious unintelligibility.'

Still, we are glad to give him his just due: we honour him for his classical knowledge and talent, and we are proud to have his name on our Eton list of Keate's time as a bright shining star to guide our rising orators and statesmen to future eminence in the service of their country.*

* A friend of mine has sent me a couplet, translated and passed up to him in school by the 'G. O. M.' himself. He does not remember any more, but thinks the whole song was done, and equally well done.

'Don't tip me now, you lad of wax,
Your blarney and locution,
You're not a giant yet, I hope,
Nor I a lilliputian.

'Ne sis O cerâ mollior,
Grandiloquus et vanus,
Heus bone non es gigas tu,
Et non sum ego nanus.'

I must add one other instance of classics cultivated in old age, attested by a few lines in alcaics upon the death that had just occurred of a friend's first-born son, followed almost immediately by the death of the young mother.

I sent a few lines of translation of the one hundred and seventh Psalm into elegiacs to an old relative a short time ago; I am not going to presume to put forth the composition of my old age, but the reply to my challenge—(as it was called) which I sent to the *Eton College Chronicle* at the time—I now insert, as I think it does great credit to his head and heart, and I am sure many a sixth-form boy of this day might congratulate himself if he could do as well as the septuagenarian of Keate's time.

'Jussu Jehovæ! flebilis occidit
Ceu Flos adunco vomere dirutus,
Nunc inter augustas cohortes
Cœlicotum numeratus Infans.

Tu matris almæ filius, in tuo
Non Illa partu gaudia novit, at
Mors tristis astabat cubili
Lethiferam quatiens sagittam.

O, cara amici Progenies, licet
Inusitatis dicere versibus
Parentis orbati dolores,
Spes que, Deo renuente, fractas!

Fortasse matris nunc gremio puer
Gaudet receptus! Mitis ubi quies,
Nec luctus intrat, nec querelæ
Nec lacrymis oculi madentes.

Actum est! benigno nil sine numine
Caliginosâ nocte licet tegat
Decreta! ab Illo est sive passer
Seu pereat solio tyrannus.

Hac verba in imo pectore consita
Sublime reddant in tenebris jubar,
Solamen in luctu, dolenti
Auxilium requiemque cordi!'

Now after these specimens of verses of the old ones, I must introduce one copy from the 'Musæ Etonenses,' of the composition of a boy of our time, not only because they are very good, and by one who bore a noted name and got to the top of his profession, but because thereby hangs a tale, as you will see afterwards.

They are written by Governor Keate, poor fellow! who went out to Sierra Leone to complete his term for full pension. 'Only a year and a half,' as he told me (alas! who knows what a day may bring forth!) He caught the fever and fell a victim to that horrid climate in six weeks.

Of him the Provost of King's writes,

'Quum Insulis in mari Indico Orientali sitis, "Les Seychelles"

vocatis, Præfectus ingeninm dominationi exercendae aptum præstitisset, in regimen alterius, Trinidad appellatæ, in mari Indico Occidentali positæ promotus, Imperii Britannici Legatus vicem Gubernatoris hodie sustentat.'

The lines referred to were a rythmical translation of the funeral of Sir John Moore, by the Reverend Ch: Wolfe, 'Not a drum was heard,' &c.

'Cum ducis invicti raperent ad busta cadaver
Turba frequens, tantum devenerata vivum,
Nulla salutabant sanctos pia murmura Manes,
Tympana funereos nulla dedere modos.

Nocte tenebrosa glebam mucrone cavantes
Tradidimus duro membra premenda solo.
Luna dedit tremulam trepidantibus invida lucem,
Fudit et incertam rara lucerna jubar.

Membra ducis vidi nullo composta feretro,
Nec-quid enim prosunt talia! veste tegi,
Miles uti jacuit carpens post bella quietem,
Castrensi cinctus martia membra sago.

Nec multæ longæve preces: vetat hora querelas
Sed lacrymæ taciti signa doloris erant.
Quisque ducis vultu, extremum dum spectat, inhæret,
Incertusque animi crastina fata timet.

Siccine tum clamant, tumulo dum membra reponunt,
Augustumque cavant ense manu que torum,
Siccine ab inviso cinis hic violabitur hoste.
Nos super æquoreas dum vehet Auster aquas.

Ingentemque animam probris onerabit inultis,
Nec metuet nostras impia turba minas.
Nil tamen huic curæ, tumulo modo dormiat illo,
Quem comitum pietas quemque sacravit amor.

Viderat exactos nondum vaga luna labores,
  Cum jussit trepidos hora referre pedes:
Tum procul audimus resonare tonitrua belli,
  Atque hostem litui clangor adesse monet.

Ergo pallentes lenti deponimus artus,
  Aggerituque sacro sanguine pinguis humus,
Nec lapis exstruitur, memori nec carmen in ære,
  Sacrat honoratum gloria sola locum.'

I append the original words of the elegy, and hope many young ones will make a strict comparison and see how closely and elegantly each idea is carried out. And if they will do so I am sure they will wish they had the same talent, and perhaps be thus incited to do their best in hopes of being themselves immortalized in some future 'Musæ Etonenses.'

WOLFE'S ODE ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

'Not a drum was heard—not a funeral note,
  As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
  The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on,
In a grave where the Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line—we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.'

There were some who never could do verses, many who never did more than their number, and often had trouble to do or get those done. One, a big lower boy, I well remember, because I was myself one of his victims. He always got hold of a little fellow as soon as verses were set, and locked him up in his room till the required quantity—eight or twelve, according to his position in the school—were done. He

did not care if there were two or three false quantities or concords, in fact he did not care how bad the verses were, as his tutor, old Knapp, would have less suspicion of their not being his own. I am afraid at first I was sulky, and did not like being locked up all after twelve, and being deprived of my scull up to Surley; but when two o'clock came, and I was visited and found to have done nothing, and got a licking into the bargain, and was told I should be locked up again after four, I thought better of it, and volunteered my services after dinner, and ran off eight lines with sundry faults, got some sort of thanks, and some 'sock,' and was free for my 'after four.' I determined always to act upon this principle when my turn came again, for he used to ring the changes on a good many, and, though I often had a call upon my time, I was never locked up again, and the task was easily managed after dinner or in chapel, if it was a half-holiday; and afterwards I never experienced anything but kindness and good-nature from this big lower boy. The noble lord—for such he is now—is still alive, and, if he happens to see these reminiscences and to

recollect the incident, I beg to assure him I bear him no grudge; on the contrary, I am glad to thank him, for no doubt his discipline did me good and knocked the stubbornness if not the sulks out of me. A little thing makes a good turn in a boy.

I knew a case of a boy, not far from me in the school, in the same pupil-room, who never did a verse in his life. He came up from the Lower School where he had only done nonsense verses, and those very badly, and he got into the fourth form by the help of a clever friend of his, who was next to him in the school and at the same tutor's, and who took his place in those trials, and—perhaps for that reason—always helped him to his 'number' of bad elegiacs in the pupil-room; and, for sundry little counter favours, this was continued through the three removes of the fourth form, and through the trials for remove and fifth form, when a little round paper pellet was always passed with a few moderate verses done with judicious mistakes; and so he went on and on, and actually got into the middle division without having an idea of putting an hexameter and pentameter

together. Then his father bought him a commission in the Dragoons, where no such thing as verses were wanted. There at last he felt he was in his element. His saying had always been,

> 'Let "saps" delight to grind and write,
> For 'tis their nature to,'

his little sense lay quite in another direction.

He had a good head, a quick eye, a strong nerve, a powerful arm, and heart of a lion (British); he was good in his boat and good at the wall, and in the holidays he was a capital shot and a first-rate lad—following the best of the old stagers across country; and when he joined the army he was the right man in the right place—and though he could never learn by heart at school, that is, not stick to Latin and Greek, and was always in the ten-lines-say-last-class; though he never accomplished and never had a conception of putting together a sense-verse, still his good sense and common sense, and undaunted bravery and great skill as a swordsman, carried him, as a cavalry officer, to the top of the tree; and having seen immense service in which, in every grade, he lived be-

loved by his comrades, and respected and honoured by his men, he died as a septuagenarian, a good old military hero, a K.C.B. and G.C.B., with sundry stars and many medals and clasps, just one of the men—and there are many of them—who exemplified the saying of the Duke of Wellington, that 'the Battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton.'

What will Lord Wolseley say to this? How many gallant young fellows in these times, willing heart and soul to devote themselves to their Queen and country, are lost to the service (I have more than one in my eye at this moment, and my readers would, no doubt many of them, say the same) by the present system of over-stiff competitive examinations. Let that be for the scientific corps, but surely something might be devised to enable an ardent young athlete of this age, such as I have described my contemporary, to follow the bent of his inclinations—in which case every man will work best in the profession he chooses—and to enter the army, provided he can show the passable qualifications of an average gentleman.

CHAPTER V.

JOKES AND WARNINGS.

TUTOR'S CORRECTIONS—SOME ERRORS CORRECTED—AN UNWARRANTABLE JOKE—'WHAT TRASH IS THIS, SIR?'—DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS—THE WARNING TAKEN—WHY OLD KEATE DID NOT SMELL A RAT—THOUGHT IT BETTER NOT TO STIR THE MATTER.

In reference to the aforesaid remarks upon verses, I must quote a note from Lyte, p. 368, make a slight correction, and add a few words as supplement specially bearing upon this elegy of the death of Sir John Moore.

The note says: 'Every copy of verses and every theme was looked over twice, first in the pupil-room and then in school. The tutor made any correction that seemed desirable, and the boy showed up a fair copy in school, together with the original manuscript. This system incidentally gave every master frequent oppor-

tunities of gauging the scholarship of his colleagues. Apropos of this we may quote an amusing incident. A boy, skilled in copying the handwriting of his tutor, was in the habit of introducing eccentric alterations in the verses of his schoolfellows as they lay on a table after being looked over. One day he found a hexameter ending "nigrum detrusit ad orcum" ("he thrust him down to the dark Hades"), and he substituted the word "conto" for "nigrum." The author of the verses copied out all the alterations in good faith, but the word "conto" caught the eye of Keate as he was looking over the fair copy.

'"What do you mean by using such a word as conto?" ("He thrust him down to Hades with a punt-pole.") "How dare you write such rubbish?"

'"If you please, sir, it was my tutor's correction," replied the boy, with all the confidence of injured innocence.'

Having seen the alterations made in that very copy of verses before they were shown up, having been in chambers when Keate read them over, having witnessed the old Baffin's jump of

surprise and indignation as he read them out, having heard with my own ears the questions and answers as recorded, and the roars of laughter that greeted the anticipated explosion, I can certify to the strict correctness of the description. But I must set right a few slight mistakes, pardonable in one who was not an Eton man and who got his stories second-hand.

The boy showed up his fair copy in school, but did *not* show up the original corrected manuscript, and 'so give every master the opportunity of gauging the scholarship of his colleagues.' The sixth form boy in question *was* certainly 'skilled in copying the handwriting of *this* tutor,' but it was not *his* tutor, but the tutor of the fifth form boy, and the impudence did not go so far as 'introducing eccentric alterations in the verses of his school-fellows as they lay on the table after being looked over.'

None were made the butts of his wit (as he thought it) but this single school-fellow and this single tutor, whose handwriting he certainly could imitate to a fac-simile.

The copies of verses corrected by the tutor for one pupil who was in the sixth form, and for

this boy in question who was at the top of the fifth form, (in what was called *play*, which included the first ten who were all up to Keate in chambers), were sometimes sent into college late in the evening before they were to be read over, and were delivered at the window of lower chamber, where the sixth form were at supper; and this gave occasional opportunities for these corrections. No doubt the whole thing was considered a joke, but it was an unwarrantable joke, not only for the boy, who had to stand the brunt of ridicule, but more particularly for the tutor, who was never promoted out of the lower school, and was many times superseded by new masters appointed to the upper school over his head; and the reason, I have always thought, was that Keate believed in them as bonâ-fide corrections, and thus, in this case, did gauge the scholarship of one of his 'colleagues,' or rather assistants.

The climax was probably brought about by the corrections of a copy of verses translated from the elegy upon the death of Sir John Moore, and upon the very occasion when young Keate's beautiful lines, already recorded, were

sent up, as it was said, for 'play,' that was to procure the Saturday's half-holiday. Constant practice in slight corrections and repeated amusement by the question 'What trash is this, sir?' and the same answer 'Not mine, sir; my tutor put it in,' had made the sixth form falsifier more daring. He corrected almost every line. Sometimes he entirely changed the sense, as, for instance, '*Not* a drum was heard,' it was made to begin 'Jam sonat armorum strepitus clangorque tubarum,' and so on, and so on. Old Keate blew up at almost every line, but always got the same answer. At last he came to 'Nam lacrymæ rubros dedecuere viros': 'Fortes' cut out, and 'rubros' inserted, with a note at the side ('English *red* uniforms'). Old Keate dashed with his pencil through the paper. The same question, 'What rubbish!' and the same answer, 'Not mine, sir; my tutor put it in.' 'Go, fetch your foul copy, sir.' It was brought, and there were the corrections all through the lines, all apparently in one hand, with the tutor's initials at the bottom, and the addition, '*Very bad indeed.*' Keate's breath seemed almost taken away: he did not say a word, but only dilated

upon the disgraceful proceeding of a boy so high up in the school having shown such a copy of verses, which his tutor well condemned as 'Very bad indeed.'

No doubt the so-called joke was carried too far. The exposure was within an inch of being made; the warning was taken, and the thing was never tried on again, and I do not believe the boy in question ever knew the real history of his corrected verses. Our wonder always was why old Keate did not smell a rat from the very improvement in the subsequent exercises. Perhaps he did, but thought it better not to stir the matter, which had evidently settled itself.

CHAPTER VI.

EPIGRAMS.

'BE QUIET'—'STUBBS AND GRUBBS EPIGRAMS'—'MOTHER ADCOCK HAD A FOWL'—'JEREMIAH, THICK AND STOUT'—A COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS.

THERE was another species of verse, in which very few excelled, and yet some were good in their way. It was not like the weekly Latin exercises, for which the masters, as the result of their instruction, were to a certain extent responsible, but it was the effusion of natural, unaided *talent!*

It was a curious point in the discipline of the school in regard to the collegers, that, after lock-up time, order was entirely left in the hands of an all-powerful sixth form; and right well and successfully they exercised their authority, when they had to 'sap' in the evening and do their

own verses and themes, or when some grand signor was seated before the fire, with feet on the hob, cigar in his mouth, perhaps a lower boy behind brushing his hair (not a usual occurrence, but one which I have seen), while he himself was absorbed in the last new novel.

Sometimes a pin might have been heard had it dropped anywhere down the long chamber. 'Be quiet' was the warning, once uttered, if a rustle or a whisper was heard; after that came out a sonorous 'Stubbs and Grubbs, epigrams.' Stubbs and Grubbs might, perhaps, be boys high up in fifth form—for the authority of the sixth form, at night, extended over all except the six first boys of the fifth form, called then 'The Liberty.' These epigrams were four lines in verse, which must have a joke in them or they were torn up and had to be done over again; they were shown up when the sixth form assembled for supper, and were often the cause of great amusement. Sometimes it required some ingenuity to detect the joke, and the unlucky Stubbs or Grubbs was cited to the table to explain. I remember one such which required the presence and Σχολιον of the author.

'Mother Adcock had a fowl;
She was an almswoman—used to growl;
Swept broken meat and swipes away,
And did the same thing every day.'

Perhaps a little better was:

'Jeremiah, thick and stout,
Have you heard about a bout,
Which took place the other day,
While the men were making hay?'

Excelsior may be said of the next:

'Says Dick, who wrote what Tom composed
(As wise as any Solon),
"'The fire burns low'—what stop goes there?"
"Why, put," says Tom, "a colon."'*

Excelsior still:

'On the top of a mountain some money I found,
And I quickly discovered by counting,
There was just enough tin to pay all that I owed
With the amount that I found on amounting.'

Not bad, *I* think:

'One Larney, in his frantic hours
Endowed with great poetic powers,
Last week or else the week before
Parsed "Niger Amor" blackamoor!'

One day a delinquent was blown up for impudence as well as noise, and was told to do *eight*

* I have been told that this is a Joe Miller; if so, the sixth form did not know it at the time.

verses; the clever little fellow quickly handed in:

> 'Carmina, carmina, carmina, carmina, carmina, carmen,
> Carmina quantas rogas, carmina tanta dedi.'

But, fearing to hear 'Ohe jam satis est,' I will not trouble the reader any more, but I may add that the late provost had, I know, a collection of these epigrams of our time, which he produced with great glee to enliven the holiday parties at his country place in Devonshire; and I am sure his present worthy representative would gratify the curiosity of any old Eton fellow who might wish to have a loan of them.

CHAPTER VII.

INSTRUCTION AND RESULTS.

'A MEAGRE BILL OF FARE'—PRODUCTS OF ETON IN ALL DEPARTMENTS—STINGY RECOGNITION OF KEATE'S WORTH AND SUCCESS—STATESMEN AND NOTED PEERS—DIPLOMATISTS AND GOVERNORS—JUDGES AND NOTED LAWYERS—BISHOPS AND NOTED CLERGY—GENERALS AND ADMIRALS—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE—GLADSTONE'S TESTIMONY.

'MEAGRE was the bill of fare' of instruction for the mind, says Lyte. 'Comprising little more than Homer, Horace, and Virgil,' says the author of 'Etoniana.' We grant it—but there is always a question whether a little, well drummed in or well thrashed in or out, was not as productive of brains as the new system in most schools, derived I think from the Germans, of a new subject, perhaps a new language almost every hour. At all events, in recollection of what the

proof of the pudding is, we are content to refer to results, and there we think we can hold our own; and we say, if the bill of fare was meagre, if the system was bad, if the tree was so corrupt as our detractors are pleased to affirm, we ask them how and why it brought forth such good fruit.

By the help of 'Etoniana' I am able to quote a list of honours, and by the help of Stapylton's interesting and valuable book I am able to produce a roll of worthies at the top of the tree in all professions, the thought of which must have gladdened the heart of old Keate, and the sight of which, in black and white, must make every lover of Eton of Keate's time proud, and every scion of Eton of these days, I should hope, emulous.

In 'Etoniana,' p. 50, we read:

'There has been but stingy recognition of Keate's merits as a head-master. On examining the lists of Cambridge prizemen from 1816 to 1826, I find the following results—and we must remember that every Eton man at the University between these years was Keate-taught *pur et simple:*

	Total.	Eton.
Browne's Medallists . . .	26	22
Prize Compos : Latin and English .	15	5
Chancellor's Medal	20	1
Porson Prize	10	2
Chancellor's Eng : Medal . .	10	3
Craven Scholars	7	2
Battie do.	2	1

or considerably more than one-third of the classical prizes which were open to all the world.'

From Stapylton's 'Eton List' I am enabled to give the following long roll of distinguished men in all professions:

STATESMEN AND NOTED PEERS.

Earl of Derby, Prime Minister, Chancellor of Oxford University.

Duke of Montrose (Lord Graham), Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster.

Viscount Ossington (Denison), Speaker of House of Commons.

Lord Hampton (Sir John Pakington), Secretary of State for Colonies.

Marquis of Conyngham, Postmaster-General.

Earl of Carlisle, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Earl Clanricarde, Postmaster-General.

Lord Hammond, Under-Secretary of State.

Sir Charles Wood, Secretary of State for India.

Lord Stanley of Alderley, President of Board of Trade.

Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, Secretary of Home Department.

Right Hon. W. H. Ord, Lord of the Treasury.

Duke of Somerset, Lord of the Admiralty.

A. Ames, Member of Council of India, Fifth Wrangler.

Earl of Redesdale, Chairman of Committees of House of Lords.

Right Hon. George Cornewall Lewis, Chancellor of Exchequer, First Class Classic, Second Mathematics.

(Sixth) Earl Cowper (Viscount Fordwich), Under-Secretary of State.

Duke of Buccleugh, Lord Privy Seal, President of the Council.

Earl of Malmesbury, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Madras.

Duke of Devonshire, Second Wrangler, Smith's Prizeman, First Class Classic, and Chancellor of Cambridge University.

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister.

Earl of Eglinton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Earl of Ellenborough, Governor-General of India.

Earl of Elgin, Governor-General of India.

Earl Canning, Governor-General of India.

Lord John Manners, Postmaster-General.

Earl of Camperdown, Lord of the Treasury.

Lord Lyttelton, Newcastle Scholar bracketed Senior Classic at Cambridge.

Lord Hampden (Brand), Speaker of the House of Commons.

Earl Granville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Earl Durham, Governor-General of Canada.

Lord Howard de Walden, Minister at Stockholm and Brussels.

Lord Dunfermline (Sir R. Abercromby), Minister at Florence.

Earl Cowley, Ambassador at Paris.

Viscount Torrington, Governor of Ceylon.

Lord Harris, Governor of Trinidad.

Viscount Canterbury, Governor of New Brunswick.

Sir H. C. Montgomery, one of the Council of India.

Lord Blachford (Rogers), Under-Secretary of Colonies, Craven Scholar, Double First.

Lord Mount-Temple, Chief-Commissioner of Works.

Right Hon. T. E. Taylour, Lord of the Treasury.

Right Hon. Marcus Beresford, Secretary of War.

Right Hon. Henry Tuffnell, M.P., Secretary of Treasury.

DIPLOMATISTS AND GOVERNORS.

Sir E. C. Disbrowe, Minister at the Hague.

Sir T. Cartwright, Minister at Stockholm.

Hon. Sir John Bligh, Minister at Hanover.

Sir G. Hamilton Seymour, Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

H. S. Fox, Minister at Washington.

Sir G. B. H. Baillie, Minister at Florence.

E. J. Dawkins, Minister at Athens.

Hon. P. Scarlett, Minister at Florence.

Sir John Crampton, Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

Hon. C. A. Murray, Minister at Florence.

Sir T. T. Metcalfe, Commissioner at Delhi.

Hon. Sir G. Elliot, Ambassador at Vienna.

J. Hamilton, Minister at Naples.

Sir C. Beadon, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

Sir J. P. Grant, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

Sir J. Young, Governor of New South Wales.

F. Pigott, Governor of Isle of Man.

Sir P. Woodhouse, Governor of Cape of Good Hope.

Charles John Bayley, C.B., Newcastle Scholar, Governor of Bahamas.

Hon. E. Drummond, Governor of North-West Provinces of India.

R. Keate, Governor of Sierra Leone.

Sir W. Denison, Governor of New South Wales.

Sir W. Rawson Rawson, C.B., Colonial Secretary at Cape of Good Hope.

Sir A. Hodgson, K.C.M.G., Minister of Works, Queensland.

JUDGES AND NOTED LAWYERS.

Sir John Patteson, Judge of Queen's Bench.

T. R. Hooker, Judge in Ionian Islands, First Class Classics.

Sir John Taylor Coleridge, Judge.

G. James Pennington, Judge in Ionian Islands, Porson's Prize, and Epigrams, Cambridge.

Sir R. R. Crowder, Judge in Court of Common Pleas.

Sir E. Gambier, Chief Justice at Madras.

Charles Hay Cameron, Judge at Bombay.

G. L. Russell, Chief Justice of Bengal.

J. J. Bourne, Chief Justice of Newfoundland.

Sir A. Cleasby, Judge of Common Pleas.

H. Frere, Judge at Madras.

Sir J. W. Colville, Chief Justice at Madras, Lord Justice of Appeal.

Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy, Chief Justice of Ceylon.

J. B. Kemp, Judge in Bengal.

Sir Jasper Selwyn, Lord Justice of Appeal.

Lord Blackburn, Lord of Appeal.

G. Mellish, Lord Justice.

J. Wickens, Newcastle Scholar, Double First, Oxford, Lord Justice.

Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England.

H. V. Bayley, Judge of High Court of Calcutta.

W. Ritchie, Advocate-General of India, and First Legal Member of Supreme Council.

Sir Walter Riddell, County Court Judge.

H. G. Astell, Judge in Bengal.

Lord Hobhouse.

Lord Justice Cotton.

Francis Bayley, Judge of Westminster County Court.

NOTED LAWYERS.

Recorders.

F. J. Newman Rogers, of Exeter, Deputy Judge Advocate.

W. Mackworth Praed, M.P., of Barnstaple, the Poet, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Browne's Medallist 1822—3—4, First Class Classics, 1825.

Gilbert Henderson, of Liverpool, First Class Classics, Oxford.

J. Alexander Kinglake, M.P., of Bristol.

William Wakeford Attree, of Hastings.

Thomas Phinn, M.P., of Bath, First Class Classics, Oxford, Secretary of the Admiralty.

J. Duke Coleridge, of Portsmouth, Q.C., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

James A. Yonge, of Barnstaple, Camden Medallist, Cambridge.

Charles William Warner, Attorney-General of Trinidad.

BISHOPS AND NOTED CLERGY.

Charles Richard Sumner, Bishop of Winchester.

J. Chapman, Bishop of Colombo.

Edward Denison, Bishop of Salisbury.

W. K. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury.

Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

W. J. Trower, Bishop of Gibraltar.

George Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand (afterwards of Lichfield).

Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

R. Gray, Bishop of Capetown.

H. Browne, Bishop of Winchester.

Honourable C. Bernard, Bishop of Tuam.

C. J. Abraham, Bishop of Wellington.

J. C. Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool.

Edmund Hobhouse, Bishop of Nelson.

J. F. Mackarness, Bishop of Oxford.

Edward Trollope, Suffragan-Bishop of Nottingham.

Charles Tuffnell, Bishop of Brisbane.

DEANS.

H. Hart Milman, of St. Paul's, First Class, Oxford, English and Latin Verse.

Charles Scott Luxmoore, of St Asaph.

Honourable H. Howard, of Lichfield.

Lord F. Chichester, of Raphoe.

Honourable G. Pellew, of Norwich.

Viscount Midleton, of Exeter.

H. Usher Tighe, of Ardagh.

Honourable G. Wellesley, of Windsor.

E. Meyrick Goulburn, of Norwich.

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William Clive, of Montgomery.

W. Arundell Bouverie, of Norfolk.

Robert Mosley Master, of Manchester.

Henry Law, of Wells.

Edward Balston, of Derby, Newcastle Scholar, Latin Ode, Davies' Scholar, Cambridge.

W. A. St. John Mildmay, of Essex.

George Anthony Denison, of Taunton.

PRINCIPALS, PROVOSTS, PROFESSORS, ETC.

George Thackeray, of King's.
Richard Okes, of King's.
C. O. Goodford, of Eton.
} Provosts.

J. Jelf, Principal of King's College, London.

E. Bouverie Pusey, Regius Professor of Oxford.

William Selwyn, Margaret Professor of Cambridge, Senior Classic, Sixth Wrangler, Browne's Medallist, 1825—6—7, Chancellor's Medallist, 1828.

Sir J. G. Shaw Lefevre, K.C.B., Senior Wrangler, Smith's Prizeman, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

POETS.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

John Moultrie, Bell's Scholar, Cambridge.

Sir Francis Doyle, Professor, Oxford.

GENERALS AND ADMIRALS.

Sir G. Cust, Lieutenant-General.

Sir C. Cuyler, Major-General.

C. A. Shawe, Lieutenant-General.

Edward Byam, Lieutenant-General.

Charles Richard Fox, Major-General.

William Cartwright, Major-General.

William Nepean, Major-General.

Honourable F. Spencer, Rear-Admiral

Honourable Sir J. Scarlett, General.

(Fourth) Earl Spencer, C.B., Rear-Admiral.

Honourable G. Anson, Commander-in-Chief in India.

G. Greenwood, General.

(Fourth) Marquis Townshend, Rear-Admiral.

J. J. W. Angerstein, Lieutenant-General.

J. M. R. Craufurd, Major-General.

Viscount Templetown, C.B., Major-General.

L. D. Williams, Major-General.

Sir W. F. Martin, Admiral.

J. J. Tucker, Rear-Admiral.

Lord Howden, Lieutenant-General, Ambassador at Madrid.

G. H. Lockwood, Major-General.

Richard Parker, Major-General.

Honourable J. F. de Ros, Rear-Admiral.

G. C. Mundy, Major-General.

Lord W. Paulet, C.B., Major-General.

Marquis Douro, Lieutenant-General.

Lord Charles Wellesley, Major-General.

Honourable E. J. Harris, Rear-Admiral.

A. J. Lawrence, C.B., Major-General.

Sir John Michel, K.C.B., Major-General.

Sir. R. Walpole, K.C.B., Major-General.

Sir T. Hodge, K.C.B., Major-General.

Honourable J. Denman, Rear-Admiral.

J. Studholme Brownrigg, Major-General.

A. M. Hood, Major-General.

A. B. Wood, Major-General.

Honourable J. Lindsay, Major-General.

J. Simpson, C.B., Major-General.

W. S. Newton, Major-General.

A. J. Cuninghame, Major-General.

Sir H. Langden, G.C.B., General.

Lord H. M. Percy, K.C.B., Lieutenant-General.

C. Hagart, C.B., Major-General.
Sir T. Biddulph, Major-General.
H. Darby Griffith, C.B., Major-General.
J. S. Down, Major-General.
J. Yorke, C.B., Major-General.
Sir A. Borton, C.B., Major-General.
W. Munro, C.B., Major-General.
Mark Wood, Major-General.
E. C. V. Milman, Major-General.

And last but not least on this grand roll of the worthies of Keate's time is (my hand shakes while I write, for the sad, sad news of his sudden death has just been announced)—I call him by his Eton name—Stafford Northcote. Probably no one of high note ever passed away of whom so much good has been said by all parties, and so little evil. There will be no prouder name on the list of old Keate's-men, very few, if any, in the annals of Eton. A first-class man at Oxford; the leader of the House of Commons; one of the chief Ministers of State; our 'Bayard,' as has been cartooned in two noted periodicals; a '*Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*'

'Of him it may truly be said that he died in harness; he left no arrears in his office, but had

finished his work up to the very day when he was taken.' So said one* who had a right to give an opinion.

Nothing more graceful could have been uttered than the words of Chamberlain on this occasion, which I select as a specimen of the general tone of honour and praise to departed merit. His preface to his noted speech was as follows:

'Before I proceed any further, I should like to be allowed to take this opportunity of expressing the feeling which I am sure we all entertain of the loss which the country has sustained in the death of Lord Iddesleigh, better known to us as Sir Stafford Northcote. He has passed away under circumstances which have lent a tragic interest to his death, after a long and active public life, in the course of which he never lost a friend, and never made an enemy. (Cheers.) He was gifted with a singular sweetness of disposition, and he was possessed of a natural fund of humour, with which he often used to illustrate an argument, but never to wound an opponent. It has been

* Balfour.

sometimes said of him that he was not a fighting leader; but the qualities of his mind, his moderation, his fairness, and his scrupulous honesty, lent an overwhelming force to his reasoning, where perhaps more impetuous eloquence would have failed to convince. His place is now vacant. He has gone to join the great majority, and we who remain behind are sensible that we shall miss in him a conspicuous type of what was most honourable and most praiseworthy in our English public life. (Cheers.)'

I should like—had I time and space—to have quoted extracts from the touching allusions, all bearing testimony to the departed senator's unimpeachable worth, as they were given in Parliament by opponents as well as friends, and extracts also from the fervent laudatory remarks from the pulpits of all parties in the Church, and of many Nonconformists, upon his high Christian character; but I must not omit a few weighty words from his old schoolfellow, and, for a time, patron, up to the last his personal friend, though his bitter political enemy, William Ewart Gladstone, who is reported as having said in Parliament:

'In 1843 I had the honour—and it was a great honour—of introducing him to public life, and I had the advantage of profiting largely by his personal services and aid, and of observing that rich and abundant promise of his early life, which was so well fulfilled in the after years of his career.'

Study that life, I beg to say to my young friends (no doubt it will soon appear), and do your best to follow it.

I do not pretend to claim the following notorieties as being strictly of Keate's time, that is, when Keate was *head-master*, but I venture to add them as a supplement, seeing that they passed through Eton when Keate was assistant and lower master, and that I have the authority of Lyte that an old MS. exists which shows that there was little change in the system of education during the hundred years preceding the great reform under Hawtrey in 1834. So they were all products of the routine of Keate's time.

Viscount Melbourne, Prime Minister.

J. B. Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Hon. A. Percy, Minister at Berne.

Sir Launcelot Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England.

Manners Sutton (Viscount Canterbury), Speaker of the House of Commons.

A'Court (Lord Heytesbury), Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Francis Hodgson, Provost of Eton, 1840—1852.

Right Hon. Sir F. F. Lewis, Secretary of Treasury, Vice-President of Board of Trade.

Butterworth Bayley, Member of Council of India—Director.

Sir J. Fox Burgoyne, G.C.B., Brevet-General.

T. W. Taylor, General, C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of Sandhurst.

Earl Fortescue, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Earl O'Neill, General.

G. Grey, Bishop of Hereford.

Lord Beauvale, Ambassador at Vienna.

Lord Riversdale, Bishop of Killaloe.

Sir H. F. Bouverie, Lieutenant-General.

Hon. Lincoln Stanhope, C.B., Major-General.

Sir H. V. Rooke, K.C.H., C.B., Major-General.

Sir Richard Ottley, Chief Justice of Ceylon.

H. A. Proctor, C.B., General.

Earl of Auckland, G.C.B., Governor-General of India.

Duke of Northumberland, K.G., Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Chancellor of University of Cambridge.

Lord Metcalfe, G.C.B., Governor of Jamaica and Canada.

John Reeve, General.

Earl Cathcart, Governor-General of Canada.

T. H. Harris, Judge-Advocate of the Forces.

Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, Ambassador at Constantinople.

Earl of Minto, Ambassador at Berlin, First Lord of Admiralty, 1835-41.

Honourable Hugh Percy, Bishop of Carlisle.

Sir J. D. Douglas, G.C.B., General, Governor of Jersey.

Right Honourable J. Planta, Under-Secretary of State.

Right Honourable Sir C. E. Gray, Chief Justice of Bengal.

J. Lonsdale, Bishop of Lichfield.

Sir W. L. Herries, K.C.B., Lieutenant-General.

Lord Saltoun, Lieutenant-General.

E. Craven Hawtrey, Provost of Eton.

H. Matthews, Judge in Supreme Court at Ceylon.

J. Croft, Archdeacon of Canterbury.

Charles Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford.

Right Honourable Sir R. Wilmot, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Ceylon.

Sir Guy Campbell, Baronet, General.

T. S. Brandreth, Second Wrangler, Smith's Prizeman, Chancellor's Medallist.

Earl of Ellenborough, G.C.B., Governor-General of India.

A. S. Douglas, Minister at the Hague.

T. Redman Hooker, Judge of Ionian Islands.

H. P. Davison, Major-General.

Honourable G. Neville, Dean of Windsor, Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

Marquis of Salisbury, President of Council, Lord Privy Seal.

Duke of Northumberland, K.G. (Lord A. Percy), Admiral, First Lord, 1852.

Lord Sandys, Lieutenant-General.

C. A. A'Court, C.B., Lieutenant-General.

Marquis of Sligo, Governor of Jamaica.

Sir John F. W. Herschel, Baronet, Senior Wrangler, Smith's Prizeman.

Honourable H. C. Cavendish, Lieutenant-General.

Right Honourable G. L. Dawson Damer.

Honourable Sir E. Cust, Lieutenant-General.

Honourable Sir George Cathcart, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of 4th Division in Crimea.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEARTH OF MASTERS.

IRREGULARITIES IN SCHOOL—PLAYTHINGS—SONGS—WILKINSON'S WIG—FIGHTS WITH PELLETS—STATE OF THINGS WORSE AND MORE LUDICROUS UNDER KNAPP—RIDICULOUSLY MILD AND RIDICULOUSLY FIERCE—ONE OF THE CLEVEREST OF THE MASTERS—ELEGANT SCHOLAR AND BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATOR—WANTING IN COMMON-SENSE AND MORE HUMBUGGED THAN ALL THE REST PUT TOGETHER.

'MEAGRE' as was the food for the mind in the list of books, I cannot think that was anything like such a cause of complaint as the dearth of masters to administer the supply. It was a simple impossibility for any one master to do justice to the numbers that were under him in one class —or form, as we thought it right to call it, leaving class to the private school. I have the Eton list of 1826 before me, and I see that, though there was a head-master and two assistants for the lower school, which consisted of thirty-seven

boys, the actual head-master of the upper school had only seven assistants for the instruction of the whole number, which consisted of five hundred and fifteen boys, one hundred and sixteen of whom—that is, the sixth form and *all* the upper division—were up to Keate at the top of the upper school, and the whole remove, upper and lower, with one hundred and fourteen boys, were up to one master in the 'lobby,' which, I should think, could not have held above eighty or ninety at most, packed almost like herrings in a barrel.

Hence inattention, jokes, play, irregularities of all sorts were the 'order of the day,' against which the little doctor, with all his pretended fierceness, failed effectually to make head, and the good-natured, gentle, though at times spitfire, little Knapp, who had the whole remove in my time, was utterly unable to control.

Five o'clock school in winter was the greatest trial for old Keate, and the greatest fun for the boys, for the only light was a large chandelier, with old moulds, hanging from the ceiling in the middle of the room, and two candles in

his desk, which, though lighting his book, rather impeded his sight than otherwise in regard to things in general, and which he continually moved from side to side as he detected, or wished to detect anything, and had cause to storm first at one delinquent and then at another. Playthings were taken in—I remember at Windsor Fair-time, a boy, who really sat close below old Keate, having a cuckoo-toy tied under his foot, and 'cuck-oo' came out when the Baffin had turned to talk to a prepostor who had just brought up a long list of victims to 'stay afterwards.' Of course the boy took care, when the doctor turned sharply round, to have his hands well exposed and a very demure countenance, not of defiance but innocence, when the threat was made of flogging the culprit or setting the whole side a punishment if he were not given up. 'Songs were sung,' as Lyte says, but he says no more. I can confirm it and supplement it by the very song, or at least by one sample song. My brother had been very ill, and had his head shaved and wore a wig; a boy of his standing was known to have a favourite cat, and another name and nickname

were introduced—for what reason I do not know—except for having the proper syllables to make up the line. What the song was I do not remember, but the chorus was,

> 'Wilkinson's wig, Battiscombe's cat,
> Barney Vallancey and Wilkinson's wig.'

This used to be started on one side and taken up by the other, and when Keate looked and fumed on one side, there was immediate silence as to words on the part of those looked at, who were of course as grave as judges, but, without moving the lips or a muscle of their countenance, they kept up the sound in grunts to the tune, while the words were continued on the other side by the boys to whom old Keate's back was turned. One day a boy tied a piece of fine string to 'Wilkinson's wig,' without the latter feeling it, passed it down to those in the middle, who, in their turn, having slung it over one of the candlebranches, passed it on to the other side, and when the song was going on, at the pitch of the chorus, 'Wilkinson's wig,' a tug was made, the useful appendage was spinning amongst the candles, and the unfortunate owner was sitting bald as

a coot. Keate immediately turned and 'blew him up' for his egregious folly, little thinking that no man makes a fool of himself, and that some other hand must have perpetrated this joke.

Fights used to be kept up with pellets of bread rolled up hard and shot like marbles from one side of the school to the other, making, of course, if they missed the boy, a great noise on the oak panel. In the 'darkness visible,' which it truly was from the light of the single chandelier, it was impossible to see the pellets go, and old Keate, when he heard the noise, always 'nailed,' or tried to nail, and abused the boys on that side, who really had not moved, again little thinking that he ought to look for the real culprit, who had fired the shot, on the other side. This is a mere specimen of what used to take place in the doctor's division at five o'clock school in winter.

But this state of things was worse and more ludicrous under Knapp, because it was constant and continued at all times. One hundred and fourteen boys (the whole remove) were nominally up to him, but the little narrow room, which was called 'the Black Hole' in summer, could

not, by any arrangement of seats,—which were very small and fixed in slanting and sloping steps nearly up to the ceiling, nor by any thick packing, which was always a source of squabble and contest amongst the boys—be made to hold more than about eighty, so that there were always about thirty in the doorway and sitting on the stairs, many of them, out of sight and of course out of command. As soon as a boy was called up in the room, there was, by agreement, a general crowding of the doorway, to damp the sound and hide the slinking away of parties in turns to go and have a game of fives.

Supposing one of the players to be called up, notice was given by whistle, and he was across the yard in a few seconds. In the meantime, there was, by agreement again, a squeeze and apparent struggle at the doorway, as if some one was trying to get through. 'Make way; let him pass,' said Knapp; and, as soon as he was really there, he was shoved and pushed, and perhaps hoisted over the shoulders, and came a somersault into the room, puffing and blowing from his race across the school-yard, which Knapp seemed to think was the result

of his ardour to get through the opposing crowd; and the latter came in for the explosion of ire instead of the real culprit, who had been at the fives' wall enjoying himself. That, or such like, were the scenes witnessed every day. Half the time which ought to have been devoted to lessons was lost in laughter, threats, and wrangling, and vain attempts to keep order. Knapp was always ridiculously mild or ridiculously fierce. He would often sit, with mouth open and vacant stare, making no remark at all sorts of rows going on outside, but all of a sudden he would call out,

'Brown' (or some other specified boy), 'I hear you. Prepostor, put Brown on the bill.'

'Please, sir,' called out Brown, 'I am doing nothing. I didn't speak.'

'I don't care,' said Knapp, 'I will have somebody flogged. Take the bill up to the headmaster.'

After school, Brown, who really had not been implicated *that time*, came with face of injured innocence, and gave Knapp his honour 'he was doing nothing,' and the good-natured little man, whose anger had now effervesced, was easily

persuaded, and sent up the prepostor the next school-time to withdraw Brown's name, with excuse of mistaken identity.

In such explosions and shots he was often very near the mark, but as often, and perhaps oftener, he missed the bull's-eye, or, as the boys delighted to say, 'got hold of the wrong end of the stick.'

Knapp was, I believe, one of the cleverest of the masters. He was an elegant scholar, and as a translator far above all the others. His diction was, as near as possible, a counterpart of the original, and of his tone and cadences I can say no less than they were, *me judice*, mellifluous. This was his forte, and he liked to show it: whether to the advantage of his pupils—that was a question. Other masters always made their pupils puzzle out their lessons and construe, as best they could, to them. Knapp always construed the lessons to his pupils, and so any boys, whose tutors were ill or absent, always went to Knapp for construing, first, because really, for those who were high up and could appreciate it, it was a grand treat, and for others lower down, or more idle, it was

no less attractive, because it saved them the trouble of getting up the lesson for themselves.

Sparkling with wit, 'full of wise saws' and apt quotations, he was always fond of treating his pupils to playful effusions, either in Latin or English, sometimes by translations of nursery rhymes. In 'Etoniana,' he is recorded as having turned 'Billy Taylor,' impromptu, at a picnic, into hexameter and pentameter, of which some fragments are given:

'Her lily white hands were daubed all over
With the nasty pitch and tar.'
'Nec puduit teneram maculâsse bitumine dextram.'
'A gust of wind blew her jacket open,
And all discovered her lily-white breast.'
'Aura tamen vestem nimis officiosa removit,
Virgineique sinûs mox patuere nives.'
'Then she called for sword and pistol,
Which did come at her command.'
'Ensem postulat—ensis adest.'*

Another story is recorded: 'A boy had once been sent away from Holt's house, but for no moral delinquency, so far as was known, and he

* Should any reader be able to fill up the fragments from his memory, he is requested to forward the lines to the author, care of the publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, Great Marlborough Street, W.

was allowed to be received into Miss Angelo's.' Knapp commemorated it as follows:

> 'Esuriens, sitiens sed nullo crimine notus,
> "Appius" hospitio pellitur, Holte, tuo—
> Ut videt extorrem sexagenaria virgo,
> Protinus "Angelicis" additur ille choris.'

This is no doubt very good, but the author of 'Etoniana,' not an Etonman, leaves out, in my opinion, the pith of the whole story, viz.: the cause of the migration, which was, as I remember it, that 'Appius' so-called, had been the head of a conspiracy for '*broshering*' their dame, that was, eating her out of house and home—eating and drinking everything that was on the table, and what was sent up afterwards, and still always 'asking for more'; how happy, then, how perfect the expression,

> 'Esuriens, sitiens sed nullo crimine notus!'

Knapp was kindness itself to a fault, particularly to his own pupils, by whom he was respected and beloved. I am afraid there was little respect or love on the part of the general members of the school. Every boy's wit, every boy's hand, I may say, was against him, and the only wonder was they did not worry

the life out of him. He certainly was not the right man in the right place. He was the round man in the square hole, and small enough to be twisted round in the square hole.

With all his cleverness, he wanted that common-sense and decision and courage necessary to keep so many boys in order, and consequently he was more humbugged, not to say bullied, than all the other masters put together.

It seems wonderful, looking back, that the authorities should have permitted such a state of things as have been described. One cannot blame the masters, who had so many foisted upon them, to whom they could not possibly do justice even if they kept them in some order, but that the system should have lasted so long was disgraceful, and I must add to the credit of the boys, so much the more laudable to have done so much when learning under such difficulties.

CHAPTER IX.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION!—NOWHERE!—A FEW VERSES OF GREEK TESTAMENT—'PROSE!'—SCENE OF CONFUSION AND TURMOIL—NEW BOY'S DESCRIPTION OF IT.

'MEAGRE' as was the general instruction, the religious instruction was nowhere.

Lyte says: 'It seems incredible that there should ever have been an entire absence of religious teaching at the greatest school in Christian England, yet such, from all accounts, must have been the case at Eton until about fifty years ago.'

I am afraid we must admit it as an undeniable fact: and whatever the eminently pious John Bird Sumner, for some time one of the masters and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and other equally zealous and Christian-hearted

assistants might have thought and felt, and have been willing to undertake, it was not for them to change the routine of school business, and so, as there was no positive religious instruction on the roll of weekly lessons, we never heard a word of that which we ought to have been taught first of all to seek, 'The Kingdom of God and His Righteousness.' I must admit we had a few verses of Greek Testament—more or less according to our forms—to learn on Sunday and to say by heart on Monday morning, but we had not to construe them, like other lessons, in the pupil-room. There was never a word of explanation given, there was no test whether we understood what we said by heart, and so I believe many got it up by rote and said it like parrots, without knowing what it meant, as we did another lesson which we had to learn from Catullus Tibullus and Propertius, without any preparation or construing to our tutor.

Perhaps I should not omit to mention an extraordinary scene which used to take place every Sunday, and which might perhaps once have been intended as a religious instruction,

but certainly in my time was nothing but a scene of confusion and turmoil.

All the boys were assembled at two in the upper school, the sixth and the fifth form below the desks, the remove and fourth form above the desks: Keate had sole charge of the former and one prepostor had to walk round and keep the latter in order. Keate was supposed to read extracts from Blair's sermons (there being no sermon at afternoon service in chapel) and after that to set the Latin themes for the week. We called it 'Prose,' but Keate always said,

'Prose, sir, prose. I don't know anything about prose. I suppose you mean prayers.'

What prayers there were I do not remember, but I do remember that the row and interruption was so great that Keate never got through more than a few sentences of the sermon. I will not pretend to describe the scene, but will merely quote the words in which it was perfectly given in one of the magazines of the day. A new boy was represented as making the following notes in his diary:

'I was told I must go into (dear me! I cannot think of the word—some very odd one)

went into the upper school, heard something read, could not hear what, and on something being said afterwards the whole school raised a yell, booing, hissing, and scraping feet. I was thunderstruck at their audacity, listened to hear what would be said to it, thought it amounted almost to a *rebellion*, thought it disgraceful, surprised all was allowed to pass so quietly.'

This really, I can testify, is an exact and not exaggerated account of what took place every Sunday afternoon; 'the noise,' says Lyte, 'being so great as to arrest the attention of all passers-by in the Long Walk.' It was, in truth, impossible for any one man, however resolute, to coerce such an assemblage of boys by the mere use of his tongue, however stentorian and voluble.

We prepostors flattered ourselves we managed things better below the desks than old Keate did above the desks. Instead of words, threats, and storming, ours was summary action. We kept a sharp look-out, and if boys on the lower form were playing the fool it was stopped by an unpleasant 'shin' as we paraded round. If boys on the upper or middle seats were the cul-

prits they were brought below, and on the next round got their deserts. Should this fail they had to stay afterwards, and then a box on the ear gave earnest that they would get two if they carried on their game the next Sunday. We never set punishments in my time to take up the 'after twelve' by writing out some hundred or so of lines. Short and sharp was our plan, and we believed the lower boys themselves liked the decisive cuff better, just as they preferred the six cuts of the birch for many offences better than 'the manual exercise' of fifteen hundred lines or more to write out at length, of which I hear so many complain in these days.

It is certainly well that such a disgraceful scene, as 'prose' was in our time, has been given up. It is only astounding that it lasted so long, and that neither masters nor boys seemed to look upon it as—what it really was in the way of religious instruction—a blasphemous mockery.

It has been said to me there was religious instruction in 'private business.' Of that I know nothing and remember nothing. I was not a private pupil. Private pupil meant ten pounds

extra. My father had quite difficulty enough to send six sons to Eton without any extras. I speak of the routine of the school, of what the college ought to have arranged for the boys, and I repeat, in the weekly business religious instruction was 'nowhere.' Our sole injunction from our tutor was 'mind your verses and themes, get up your lessons for construing and by heart, be in time for school, don't let me catch you at mischief or--you'll be flogged.'

If we happened to make a false quantity or concord, the kind old man had always the same joke—he pulled us by a lock of our hair down with our nose close to the paper to see our fault, adding, 'Ye varlet! if ye don't try to do better *we* must be whipped;' and, now and then, one was sent up in the bill *pour encourager les autres.*

CHAPTER X.

SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTION AND INCIDENTS OF CHAPEL.

THE SELECT PREACHERS—SOMETHING MORE THAN ROTTEN IN THAT STATE OF DENMARK—GOOD OUT OF EVIL—BISHOPS—DIGNITARIES—JOHN HOBBS AND THE LITTLE COLLEGER.

THE spiritual instruction provided for us by the college was one sermon on Sunday by the Fellow in residence.

One of these worthies has been immortalized in print as the wiseacre who, when Fellows' pond was being cleaned out and a report was brought to him that a chalybeate had been found in the pond by the workmen, and being asked what was to be done in that case, said, 'Put it in the temporary cistern with the other fish;' and by us boys he was distinguished as the Fellow who always put in a catch question

to the young candidates for college on Election Saturday, which, in their nervousness, was generally a poser: 'My little boy, who was the father of Zebedee's children?'

He stooped very much from age and fat, and his whole sermon was delivered into his waistcoat, and I would have defied anyone with the best intentions—which I cannot say I think the boys generally had—to catch or carry away any of it. There was another quite as indistinct. I remember a boy high up in the school, and therefore not far off the pulpit, saying that *he* had good intentions, that he strained ears, and eyes, and mouth (acting on the principle that some people, particularly at sermons, shut their eyes and open their mouth, sometimes accompanying it with bated breath, causing a suspicious stertorous sound), to hear better. But it was all in vain; he could only make out *one word* of the sermon, and that sounded like 'shoestrings.' He distinctly heard *that* three times, but he could not, for the life of him, make out the context, or what that unscriptural word applied to!

We had another Fellow, of whom it was said

that immediately he began 'Our' at the communion-table, all the spiders ran into their holes. He had been famed, or defamed, in Eton verse as

> 'Didactic, dry, declamatory, dull;
> Big bellied, bellows like a bull.'

Stentor was nothing to him, but, though he exploded much, he convinced little. Extremes with the boys only drew out jokes, and caused concealed laughter.

We had another, in whose case laughter was never concealed. And we thought then—and really I am almost inclined to think now—it was intended by the preacher to astonish the boys, and to draw their particular attention; if that end was gained, he did not care if it was brought about by provoking a smile. The little man was very extraordinary in looks and action. He had a 'squint terrific,' but perhaps it ought to be called a rolly-poly eye, which used to follow the words of the text as he roared them out from one side of his mouth, carried on with gradually decreasing force, and finished on the other. The text seemed to us specially chosen for eccentricity, and for the

purpose of securing our curiosity, and so attention as to how they could be worked out. They always consisted of part of a verse, which was given with peculiar, prolonged emphasis. The boys all had their heads up and eyes fixed; many had pencils in hand, and when the part of the verse was given, there was a general titter. And who can wonder, when I tell you I heard with my own ears the noted text in part of the verse,

'And his mother made him a little coat.'

And again the text in part of the verse,

'Wash.'

And again in part of the verse,

'Thou art Peter.'

And again in part of the verse,

'Where were white, green, and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble?'

And again in part of the verse,

'This thing was not done in a corner.'

I was talking over these peculiarities with a bishop about my standing, who asked me if I did not remember the text—of course part of the verse—'Nine and twenty knives,' which, he

said, he always believed to be authentic; he had always heard so. I could only say it was not in my time; for, if I had heard it, I was not likely to have forgotten it, and I should have thought the words were unlikely to occur in a sermon, as not being more scriptural than 'shoe-strings.' However, I was wrong. I went to my concordance, and found the actual words there as part of a verse, 'nine and twenty knives,' whereas there is no note of 'shoe-strings' as a scriptural quotation.

There was another old Fellow, who has gone down to posterity as noted for his text, 'My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head.' He was as bald as a coot, and the boys were not likely to miss that hit, but to appreciate it as it deserved.

These were our select preachers, for only the Fellows preached.

Surely there was something more than 'rotten in that state of Denmark' which would not supersede those worthies on the rota of college preachers. If there is any place in the world where special and peculiar talent ought to be engaged, it ought to be for that privileged

pulpit, where so many hundreds of lads of high spirits, and quick intelligence, and tender hearts might be indelibly impressed for good by the fervent eloquence of some preacher whom they could look upon with respect and admiration.

So much for the provision made for our spiritual instruction on Sundays. On other days, when we had to go to chapel on every half-holiday and twice to full service on every whole holiday, with communion service and singing if it was a saint's day, I cannot say that we ever tried to be attentive on those week days: nobody ever expected us to be attentive. The authorities themselves were not attentive. They could not expect us to be so. The clergyman and the clerk were only attentive to one thing, as to how they could rattle on, and dovetail Psalms and responses in, and get over the whole service, including the two lessons, in about twenty minutes. One conduct we always liked best—his pace was marvellous. It was said he boasted he could give his colleague to 'Pontius Pilate' and beat him.

The masters certainly were not attentive to

the service, for there were only four of them on duty in church for over five hundred boys, one at the desk near the communion-table, one at the middle desk, and the head and lower masters in their seats at the bottom of the chapel. They could not have been attentive to the service, for it was too much to suppose it possible they could do two distinct things at once, attend to the service and attend to the boys, and one distinct thing they were obliged to do, so the other fell to the ground. They were obliged to fix their attention on the boys, who, having no thought upon the service, were always *at* something, and so kept the masters in perpetual motion in their desks with heads bobbing and fingers threatening. I am afraid I cannot deny that the conduct of the boys at their week-day chapels was at times abominable, but I throw that upon the authorities. We were not taught any better—no one ever impressed upon us an idea of the holy place in which we were assembled, or the holy service in which we ought to have been employed. Such a thing as a prayer-book was not looked at by the masters, and was not expected to be in our

hands, and so, when it was long service on saint days, and the Psalms were chanted, though some boys would look the master in the face and pretend to move their lips as if they knew the Psalm, I must own that those who stood near heard some such words chanted as,

'I have got a four-oar, will you come out with us after four?'

The other, looking also straight at the master, would sing with the decani,

'No, I can't, for we have got a match at cricket.'

Nuts and cakes and bull's-eyes and such things were often in good supply amongst the lower boys on these week-days, and a nut would be cracked while the master was looking out for delinquents on the other side, and when he turned round sharp to get a 'nail,' the little fellow was too sharp for him, and waited with fixed jaw and innocent look of Simon Pure himself till some irregularity on the other side caused the master to 'pirouette,' and then he devoured his tit-bit in silence. But I am sorry to confess it was not only the little boys who took 'sock' into chapel with them at

these week-day services; strange to say, there were times and special occasions when many of the upper boys next to Keate, and under his very nose, carried on this same game, and he must have known, he must have seen it, he must have winked at it. There was a curious custom, dating from the dark ages, that when a vacancy occurred in the stalls on the side of the head-master, where some dozen sprigs of nobility had their special places, the young fellow who was translated from his desk in the body of the chapel to the post of honour had a peculiar call of 'noblesse oblige,' which was as stringent as the 'mos pro lege' at Montem, and which entailed upon him the duty of presenting to each member of the sixth form, and, I think, to all 'in play,' a packet of almonds and raisins, which were always devoured during the service. The new aspirant to the honour of sitting in the stalls came out from 'Mother' Hatton's (two spinster ladies who kept the sock-shop) followed up to the door of the chapel by a lad carrying a tray full of packets with these delicacies, which were then and there distributed to each favoured individual for his occupation

and amusement during the service. That this extraordinary irreverent custom should have been almost religiously kept up by the young fellows themselves from generation to generation is strange enough, but surely ''tis passing strange' that the authorities, who had known of such things in their boyish days, should, when they came into office, have permitted such a monstrous irreverent practice to have been continued with impunity. But most thankfully may we say, 'Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.'

There was a wild young fellow who was noted for a chapel-excitement. He was a naturalist, and kept a collection of all sorts of animals, not only birds, beasts, and fishes, including rabbits, rats, and mice, but also slugs and snails and newts and snakes. The habits of these he used to study, and he had more than one case of a 'happy family,' all the members of which knew him well, were faithfully attached to him, and some were even his 'bosom friends.' He never went out without some of these friends about him. He used to make a nest in his thick hair and bring two tiny mice into chapel, which would lie snug and quiet till he stroked them,

when they uttered a mournful whine. Sometimes he brought in a few slugs and snails, and, having no particular affection for them, let them go their own ways as they liked in the chapel, A bishop now living, who used to kneel just before him, will I am sure not have forgotten how he once—perhaps more than once—found a snake in his pocket, and one of these slipping, wriggling animals was sometimes turned out under the legs of the kneelers, which certainly would not have conduced to devotion—if there had been any—or to the decency and order of the service. One day—it was not Sunday—two more formidable animals were brought in, not from the quiet 'happy family,' but two wild fierce rats from the trap. As soon as all were on their knees at the confession, the animals were let loose. There *was* a commotion; boys jumping up on all sides: masters bobbing about in their desks, and 'nailing' on all sides, but they could not see anything nor of course say anything. In the meantime the commotion extended further down the chapel towards old Keate. Up jumped one boy, then up jumped another; Keate was furious, and like a Jack-in-

the-box, nodding, bobbing, shaking his fingers, hands, and arms at the boys to kneel down, threatening, and, in his ire, doing everything but shout. All of a sudden, the mystery was solved: the murder was out. One old rat was kicked by a boy into the middle passage, and made its way as hard as it could past old Keate and down the steps, and the other 'came following after.' Then there was a general titter, and—the prayers went on. O, tempora! O, mores!

After all our delinquencies in chapel, I like to think and hope good came out of evil; I like to think that the very fact of these things being done horrified many, who, heart and soul, made amends for them afterwards. So even out of such a number of young scamps—as many of our readers will think we were, and which, we are afraid, we cannot deny—there was still a feeling of 'excelsior' in the hearts of many, which led them on to better things, and which afterwards made their names illustrious amongst the dignitaries of the church. Eton, during Keate's time, produced far more than its average on the bench of bishops. I

have a number of these worthies all framed together, twenty-eight of them, whom I have known in my time, during the last half century, and I have put in the middle of those strictly speaking of his time the portrait of our old head-master, whom I thus delight to honour as 'compassed by such a cloud of witnesses.'

I am perfectly willing to give way in a measure to the horror which, in some regulated minds, these recollections may have called up.

We were often naughty boys in chapel. No one denies it. But we throw it upon the system, which the authorities themselves kept up, of bringing us together, as to a sort of roll-call, in that sacred place so many times on week-days without setting us an example themselves that gravity and attention to divine service ought to be the principle of our attendance. I shall always maintain that on Sundays, when due example was given, when all the masters were in their places as a Christian duty, and not merely three or four by scholastic routine, when the presence of the ladies exercised a refining influence, and carried with it the sacred feeling of family worship in the

home circle on the Sabbath day, there and then the Eton boys thought of the holy day, and holy time, and holy place, as well as boys of other schools; there and then they paid attention to their prayer-book, which they took with them, as they would at home, and followed the service with respect and devotion, whatever they may have done in regard to the sermons. As young Christian gentlemen, they attended and joined in the service on the Sundays, though, as sharp and intelligent youngsters, they criticised the old twaddles who were commissioned to preach to them.

In reliance upon the old adage that exception proves the rule, I am not afraid, after my defence of our passably good conduct, as times went, during the chapel service on Sundays, to record a story which was well known amongst Eton Fellows, and which undoubtedly caused some excitement and no little amusement, but, I maintain, no approval, even at the time.

A few Sundays before confirmation, a certain number of little collegers had to say their catechism during evening service, and for this

purpose, in order to face their questioner, the Fellow in residence, they were moved from their regular seats, and made to take their places just below the singing-men. On one particular Sunday the chapel was very full, anxious mothers and friends coming to hear how the boys acquitted themselves, and perhaps for a greater reason, because the solo for that afternoon, always previously announced, was Handel's 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people,' which all the Eton world knew would be sung by the great tenor of the day, John Hobbs.

The voluntary was concluded. All stood up. The preliminary notes of the famed music preceding the tenor's part had been played. All were in breathless attention for the soft opening tones of that beautiful voice, and the 'Co-o-omfort ye, my people,' broke upon the ear, and again and again that thrilling sound was repeated, and at the fourth time the sustained 'co-o-omfort ye' was broken by a shriek from the unhappy singer. The congregation were transfixed with astonishment. The commotion was great, but none dared to speak.

John Hobbs was led out lame; all the sympathisers were overwhelmed with anxiety, but none dared to speak. Of course they thought the great man, who was a short, stout, thick-set fellow, had had a fit; but the real fact turned out to be that a young larking dog of a little colleger, in order to astonish the natives, had —in the midst of the touching recitative, when the rapt attention was at its height, carried on excelsior and excelsior—run a pin into the calf of the singer's leg. I should like to have been able to trace that little colleger's career in after life. He had wit, he had cheek, he had courage: he ought to have been a general, or a bishop, or 'Lord Mayor, or at least Lord Chancellor.'*

* It is well known that, in a complimentary speech at a dinner to Sir John Campbell in Paris, the president, who gave the toast, wound up by saying that, 'As Sir John Campbell had risen by his own talents to be Her Majesty's Solicitor-General, he had no doubt he would go on and live to be "Lord Mayor"—or at least Lord Chancellor.'

CHAPTER XI.

FAGGING (I).

DUKE OF ROXBURGH SENT TO FILL A BASIN—NAMES AND LIBERTIES—BOY DROWNED—BEST CAUTION TO LEARN TO SWIM—NO PASSING THEN—THE LORD AND THE COMMONER.

I REMEMBER a young peer in his own right coming to Eton, the late Duke of Roxburgh. His guardian—whom I knew very well, General Elphinstone, of Afghan unfortunate memory—was always so much afraid of his being spoilt at home that, as he said, it caused him perhaps to be more strict with his young ward than he ought to have been. He sent him to Eton quite young into the fourth form expressly to get him fagged, and to have any self-sufficiency, not to say self-pride—if it was there—knocked out of him. I happened,

just before absence, to be standing near Lower School passage, where there was a knot of big collegers. Young Roxburgh came up from the playing-fields, when one of them, the late Provost Goodford, said:

'Hollo! you're a new fellow, ain't you?—what's your name? Who's your tutor? where do you board?'

'Roxburgh,' was the answer.

'Oh, you're a duke, ain't you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, take a basin out of lower chamber and fill it at the pump.'

The little fellow did as he was bid without a look of demur or disgust, and brought it back brimful, smiling, and apparently quite amused with this unexpected task.

'Well, you're a jolly fellow,' said the sixth form boy; 'you may have my name and liberties.'

This was a real boon for a lower boy. The next morning some sixth or fifth form fellow might have sent the little duke up town to Joe Hyde's for some sausages for breakfast; he could now say he was fagging for Goodford and go

home to his own meal: and this name of a big fellow might always be given to get off any other fagging at cricket or behind the fives-walls, and was never taken in vain. The 'liberties' gave exemption from running into a shop to shirk the sixth form when out of bounds, which was then up town or indeed immediately on the other side of Barnspool Bridge. I enjoyed this privilege myself, given me by a connection of mine, the captain of the boats, the greatest man in our little world, who always held the first place amongst the 'swells' at Eton above the captain of cricket or football.

I was always fagging for Staniforth. Of course, strictly speaking, this was a lie, but a lie as little thought of as the lie so many ladies make their servants tell by saying they are not at home!—by the way, a most objectionable custom. Why not say, 'The mistress is engaged,' or, as the French do, '*Madame, ne reçoit pas*'? Pray, ladies, mend your ways, for a servant has feelings and a conscience. I have seen a nice maid blush up to her eyelids when she has said her mistress was not at home, and has been questioned as to 'how long she has been out

and when likely to come home?' and thus has been forced into the concoction of three or four more unwilling lies.

I know my 'fagging for Staniforth' often stood me in good stead. One day, before I got this name, I was 'nabbed' just as I was bolting out of chapel, and hauled off with two other little fellows to go to P—— in the upper shooting fields, and there I was kept all after four fagging at cricket. Perhaps it did me good, for this fellow was a noted 'beast,' who would lick a little fag if he let the ball go by either behind the wicket or out in the field, and two hours of this work no doubt improved one's fielding and perhaps afterwards helped to get one into the eleven. That day is particularly impressed upon my septuagenarian memory, because at the time I felt doubly enraged at my great persecutor, as I thought him, for I had a 'lock-up-funny' with a cousin of mine, and that day after dinner we had sculled up to 'Upper Hope' and left it there, and had made a party with some friends to see if we could not get up to Monkey Island instead of merely to Surley, have a jollification there, and be back in time

for half-past six o'clock absence. So my consternation and disgust was doubly great when I was caught and carried off to fag at cricket. I mention here, though it has nothing to do with fagging, that there was no 'passing' at that time, nor any particular part of the school to attain before one might keep a boat. Any little fellow even in the fourth form might have a boat if he could afford it, and I think most of us, for our own sakes, generally learnt to swim as soon as we could. One little fellow had been drowned in my time, but he was foolishly bathing in a dangerous place full of deep holes and eddies at the oak-tree. This, being a swimmer, he thought fun, but he paid the penalty with his life. The boy with him, failing to catch hold of him before he sank or was drawn down, ran, with no more dress than Adam in Paradise, to the wharf and to the shooting fields, calling for aid. Two men came first with a punt, but had no success, trying some way down the stream. Then a boy ran up with his bat in hand, which, knowing the eddies, he did not hesitate to throw into the stream to direct the searchers. The bat went some way swiftly down and was

brought round again by the back-water current, and then at last, in a hole nearly opposite the tree, was found the dead body, but it had been too long in the water to give any chance of resuscitation. This of course threw a gloom over the school, and made us cautious, and we worked the harder—without masters looking on —with the cad paid by ourselves at Cuckoo Weir, till we could swim enough not to fear the upsetting of our 'funny,' which was not as likely to capsize as the canoes and outriggers of the present day.

A little fellow next to me in the school was drowned in trying to swim across Deadman's Hole. He got the cramp and holloaed and shrieked. A big fellow jumped in and swam to him, but, approaching the terrified boy without due precaution, he was seized round the neck with a dying grasp, and round the body by the contracting legs, and both went down together. Half-drowned, he extricated himself, but was obliged to leave the little fellow to his fate, prepared to seize him if he rose up again, but he did not rise. After a little while the cad swimming-man from the neighbouring Cuckoo

Weir came up and plunged in: dived down to the bottom of the deep hole, and brought up the apparently lifeless corpse, but all remedies being at hand, and the man knowing how to use them, the boy in about twenty minutes opened his eyes, was wrapped up in rugs, and carried home, and in due time he was completely restored. It will perhaps astonish many to hear that the little fellow said drowning was not a painful death; there was no awful sense of suffocation, as one might have supposed, that he seemed perfectly calm, and lost consciousness by degrees as if he was going to sleep, and his thought was, 'what would they say at home?' But the returning to life, he said, was a dreadful struggle, a painful sort of convulsion which seemed to rack him from top to toe, and leave a feeling of utter prostration as his senses returned.

The living, moving, speaking caution had probably more effect upon us in the way of our determining to become good swimmers, than the fate of the little fellow whom we all liked and regretted, but who was dead and gone.

I may mention here a case well-known amongst old Eton Fellows of Keate's time—

though not recorded in the book of Lyte, or the author of 'Etoniana,' who were not Eton Fellows, —that of a noble lord who lived and died beloved and respected by all who knew him, old and young, high and low, rich and poor, who always thanked Eton and its democratic system for taking the shine out of him and making him pocket his pride and his dignity which had been instilled into him by an over-loving mother and over-obsequious dependents, but which, he himself said, much to his after delight, was literally kicked out of him.

The little peer had succeeded to his title very young and was idolized at home and spoilt by every one. During his first few days of Eton life he had lost or had 'bagged' from him—as was often the case from new boys—an important book. School-time was coming near, he had not got up the necessary lesson, terror came upon him and he whined. 'He—he of all persons should be flogged. He had not come to Eton to be flogged, but he should be flogged. There was no doubt of it, he should have to write such news to his darling mother.' His little heart failed, and he whined again and

dropped heavy tears. A good-natured little Tug came up, and, having inquired and heard the cause of his distress, immediately offered him the necessary book, and—as they were at the door of the private tutor's house, and time pressed—he said he would come up and coach him, and he ran up the stairs. This was too much for the young Earl's pride. 'He did not know the fellow, and he would not have him in his room, nor would he take the book nor assistance from a commoner even in his trouble.' But the unexpected return he got was, 'Oh, you won't, won't you? Then I'll show you what you will take from a commoner,' and he kicked him down his own stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

FAGGING (II).

KEATE AND THE SAUSAGES—PICKY POWELL'S LUCK—TWO BULLIES.

A PROPOS to fagging and sausages, I may here mention an awkward dilemma into which old Keate himself fell in regard to a large dish of those Eton delicacies. They were the chief favourite, I might almost say indispensable, or at least invariable—we may perhaps not inaptly call them—*pièce de résistance* when a fellow came to breakfast with his friends; for whatever else there might be—kidneys, eggs, jams, etc. —there was always a dozen sausages for each guest, and while the kidneys, well devilled, were being discussed as the preliminary and promoter of appetite, the fag was ordered 'to

cut away hard all' to Hatton's and to bring the supply still seething and spitting from the frying-pan in a hot-water dish, on which, curiously enough, there never was a cover (too many of them having been broken), but merely a piece of brown paper held over them by the hands of the little fag. One day the captain of my dame's —up Keate's lane—sent for his dish of four dozen for his 'parti carré,' and the little fag, knowing that there was always a cane on the table which he would catch if he did not look sharp, was cutting home as fast as his legs would carry him with his precious savoury burden, when, just as he turned the corner, who should he run against but the old Baffin himself.

'What have you got there, sir?' said old Keate, stretching out his hand.

The little fellow handed over the dish at once, dropping of course the brown paper cover, and bolted off, stooping and making himself as small as he could, not to be recognised, and little heeding Keate's, 'Stop, sir, here, sir, come back, sir, I know you, sir, I'll flog you directly,' feeling with immense presence of mind that, as he

was in the lower school, Keate was not likely to know him and so he bolted and got off.

There stood the old Baffin with the dish in his hand, as the boy the owner—or at least the carrier—would not stop. He called to two or three others who were within hailing distance: 'Come here, sir, do you hear, sir? I'll flog you, sir.' It was scarcely likely they would come to be flogged, so they also bolted. What was to be done?

Keate could not carry the sausages home, particularly hissing without a cover. He could not by invitation or threats get any boy to come near and take them off his hands; and it ended by his being obliged to call, of all persons in the world, Picky Powell—his great abhorrence, in his eyes the most disreputable of the cads, who was loafing at the wall—to come across and take from him the great prize of four dozen of Mother Hatton's most delicious sausages.

Such fagging—running messages, laying tea-things, making toast, cleaning boots (only occasionally), and brushing clothes, and such like offices, really were no grievance and did no

harm; in fact, they did more good than harm. They gave young fellows a taste of the discipline of life, which includes, as a *sine-quâ-non*, obedience to superiors; it took the pride out of some and the sulks out of others, and taught them to help themselves in many ways, when the highest and the richest came to their various struggles, either campaigning in the Crimea and elsewhere, and roughing it as settlers in the colonies, or in pursuit of their own sports and amusements. In a general way, the fagging power was not abused. Of course there were exceptional cases, when one or two bullies had some followers, and got a house a bad name. But, having gone through the whole course for three years, I only remember two who made us do what we considered blackguard things, and bullied us meanly if we demurred. Against these two, but only against these two, I felt an awful grudge, not to say hatred, and in after life (when I grew to be about six feet high), I am afraid my first thought would have been to have done unto them as they did to us, to have laid on the cane with unrelenting force, though it would

not have hurt them through their tail-coats as it did us with our short, shell-jackets; and to have twisted their arms round, and to have hit them on the funny-bone, or to have taken their wind away by a blow in the loins.

I am thankful to say I never did meet them in after life, and, now they are both gone over to the majority, I shall never be put to that strait. Forget them I cannot, and I mention them as a warning. Straightforward fagging none of us cared for, but sneaks and bullies we did utterly abhor. I trust there are none such in these more refined times, but if there is now and then one, while we say to our little friends, 'Niger est, hunc tu caveto,' we say specially beware of him with abhorrence, that you may not be tempted to do likewise.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAGGING (III).

SENT TO BAG TEA, SUGAR, COALS, AND FAGGOTS—CELLAR ADVENTURE—CHERRY PIE—ELECTRIFYING MACHINE—DAME CAUGHT—ANOTHER ADVENTURE—CAUGHT 'IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO'—TWO BIRCHES—ANOTHER FAGGING OF WHICH WE WERE PROUD.

THERE was one kind of fagging which we considered mean and dirty, and which excited our ire and indignation, and that was when we were sent to get—not, of course, to steal, but to get, 'rem, quocunque modo rem,' in the shape of tea, sugar, and milk. If we had not supplies of our own—which was not likely, as our own 'orders' were very close and scanty—we were obliged to sneak into rooms when no one was there, and *bag* the required articles from any open cupboard.

It was stealing—and the worst sort of stealing—by fags what these masters would not dare to take themselves. They were not only accessories after the fact, but sole delinquents, as being the only persons who reaped the benefit; the little tool got no share in it, but only a box on the ear, or a cut with a cane, if he returned unsuccessful. I trust such cases no longer disgrace the code of Eton morality. I do not mean to say these were common cases, but there were some 'beasts' who acted thus, and my dame had more than one of them.

Sometimes, when fires had gone out, the youngster who had answered the call of 'lower boy' was told to *get* a faggot, or even some coals. This was really beyond a joke. Coals and faggots were, of course, *bagged*—not stolen—from the dame's supply, and it was rather a dangerous descent into the coal-cellar, as we had to pass the door—always ajar, and without a latch—of the servants' pantry just opposite the stairs. My dame's John had Argus eyes and weasel ears, except perhaps when judiciously dimmed and lulled, before an attempted adventure, by a Christmas-box or an old pair of

trousers. Cerberus was nothing to him in an ordinary way, but, as sometimes 'dormitat Homerus,' so it was with him, or the coals and faggots would not have gone so quickly.

I took my grand-children with me the last time I was at Eton to show them the place, and there was the very pantry and the very door, and, just as it was sixty years ago, without a latch!

One night I was sent down—not to steal, of course, but to *get* some coals, which we used to pick up one by one and bring up in our pockets and pocket-handkerchiefs. I had taken off my shoes, crept silently pass the half-open door, sneaked downstairs, and was making for the coal-corner, when I stepped into something very cold. I quickly took another step forward, and had another cold shock. I thought I had a blow, or had cut myself, and retreated silently upstairs. When I got to the light I was convinced I had cut myself, for my stockings were steeped, as I thought, in blood. I took them off and searched, but could find no mark or wound, and was quite lost in mystery.

However, when supper came and we had

finished our cold meat, up were brought two large open cherry-pies, nearly a yard in diameter, for twenty-four hungry boys, and in one of them were two suspicious-looking oval splashes, which called forth our old dame's astonishment.

'Oh, my dears,' she said, 'what is this? It couldn't have been the cat. What could have done it?'

A light at once broke in upon me. There had I trod once and again, and the cherry-pie juice had given me the cold shock and accounted for the apparent blood! There were various conjectures, and it was the one subject of conversation at supper; but I kept my counsel and my face to a certain extent, for my dame seemed to have no suspicion. Still I must have betrayed myself in some way—small blame to me taken so aback—for some boys accused me after supper of knowing all about it, and I let the cat out of the bag, and we had a good chuckle over it. I washed out my 'bloody' socks that night myself, for fear the maid should see and exercise her ingenuity upon their state, and putting two and two together, after what she had heard and

seen at supper, might have denounced me to her mistress as the culprit. However, it was all right, the washing was successfully done, and nothing was ever found out.

My good old dame was a woman of mind, or liked to be thought so. She was short and portly, and would be stately—perhaps a little pompous—which she thought necessary to help her control over the boys, but her natural feelings prevailed over the intended stiffness, and—to the little boys especially, whom she always called 'my dears,' and invited to her tea-table—she was always more the mother than the matron. She would be scientific, and attended some 'séances' in the room of one of the big fellows who, much to the discomfort of us little ones, kept a large electrifying machine, and descanted, while he experimentalised on us, on the wonders of the mysterious current and the shock of the Leyden jar. She was delighted to see the hair stand on end, the sparks brought out of noses, and spirits of wine lit by the fingers of the person on the stool, but she never could be induced to join in the circle, and feel, as well as see, the effects of the mysterious

power collected on the glass, though at the same time she always admitted she 'should like to try what a shock was like, if she did not know it was coming.' This was an admission not to be passed over.

A few nights afterwards, with good, clear, frosty weather, the machine was got out and found to work beautifully; the wires were duly laid on and placed ready to be connected with the handle of the door. A game of football with great laughter was then carried on in the passage. The usual course was put in practice. My dame's bell was heard to ring; Jane went in and received her orders to go and tell the young gentlemen to be more quiet. Silence was restored for a few minutes; the row then began again; the noted bell rang more sharply; all knew what that portended—a visit from our dame, and all retired to our rooms. Up she came, and though all was then quiet and no one to be seen in the passage, she went straight to the room of the big fellow who ought to have kept order on that floor, and, opening the door, received the long-wished-for shock. She jumped as if she was shot, and the reproof on her lips

was turned into a scream; but the effect, we all knew, was only momentary, and her good-nature returned immediately.

The big fellow apologised, but begged to remark that he had only strictly carried out her wishes, and let her 'feel what an electric shock was when she did not know it was coming.'

She admitted she was completely taken in, and was glad that she had had her curiosity satisfied, but she begged him to remember that she was quite satisfied and did not wish the experiment to be repeated; and she laughed and we all laughed, and all was well that ended well.

Dear, good old ladies! the race of dames is, I believe, now extinct, and we cannot wish them a happy revival, for natural motherly kindness was scarcely compatible with the firmness necessary to keep in order four-and-twenty high-spirited boys who had too much fun in them to submit entirely to petticoat government. The consequence was, the old ladies were, I am afraid, in a general way, terribly humbugged.

There was another story that I remember, of which the end was not so well.

At one of the dame's houses near Barne's Pool

there was a room with fine old oak panelling, on which a boy in olden times had drawn a beautiful collection of wild animals with a red-hot poker. It was a noted room, which all who were at Eton sixty years ago would probably have been taken to see, and will remember. The whole composition was artistic; the grouping natural; the proportion undeniable; the shading delicate; the fine hair exquisitely worked, and the animals seeming to stand out from the picture: all achieved by a young Apelles with one peculiar, rough instrument—a red-hot poker. Whether he got reward or punishment for his *chef-d'œuvre* I never heard. It was rather an unfortunate work of art in one sense, for what boys have done boys will try to do, and many thus got into trouble by their attempts at imitation, and amongst them your humble servant.

Having heated my instrument, I was deep in my art upon our old deal chimney-piece. It was a common custom to heat pokers and to twirl them on the knots of the boards (as we had no carpets as you have in these luxurious days), and make these knots *sing*.

This was a forbidden pastime, and the maid

in her rounds, scenting the burning and thinking it was going on, did her duty by reporting it and quickly brought up her mistress, who caught me red-handed or rather red-pokered, 'in flagrante delicto,' just finishing what I meant to be the head of my lion, and which she might have taken to be 'very like a whale.'

This could not be passed over, however she might have wished it. My dame was not only scientific, and took great interest in the electrifying machine, she also went in for the 'ologies—particularly phrenology, at that time in its infancy—moreover, she was an artist herself, and decorated her rooms with some—to us nondescript—productions called flowers, and I really believe, if she had seen any bump on my head giving promise of talent, any signs of painting in my eye, or indeed any bumps developed but that of destructiveness, she would, in her kindness, have let me off, and not only have condoned my offence, but very likely afterwards have tried in some way to aid my aspirations for fame; but as it was, 'it seemed sheer mischief, it was her duty to correct it, and she must send me up to the

doctor.' 'Twas said, 'twas done: and the result was—for mischief, dangerous mischief, that might have set the house on fire—two birches.

Dear, good old lady, I am sure she felt it as much perhaps as I did, but I am sure I owed her no grudge and bore her no ill-will: she had only done her duty, and we all knew it—we only hated underhand measures, lying in ambush, setting traps, taking hints from detective police, measures which one or two of the masters of our time resorted to, which, in our opinion, did them no credit, and brought down upon them our booing indignation. But every Eton boy knew what plain-sailing was, made no demur at legitimate detection, and took any punishment without feeling malice—when he knew it served him right.

There was another sort of fagging at my dame's, in which I think we little fellows were rather proud to take a part, that was in helping the big fellows on a summer's morning to get out to drive tandems. The rooms of the elder boys were no doubt specially fixed on the top

floor to prevent exactly what occurred. The sharpness of the eyes of the would-be coachmen (great men and honoured by the nobility in those times), showed them how they could accomplish their purpose from the rooms of the lower boys on the first floor. Our windows, that is, the lower part that opened, were carefully barred, and the good old dame slept in peace, thinking her precious charges, when once locked up, were safe for the night: but the upper part of the windows was not barred, so the big fellows with hammer and chisel easily extracted the nails and removed the whole sash. They then got out, stepped over the lower windows by the help of those very bars, stood on the stone ledge, let themselves down by a convenient string-course about a foot lower, and then dropped on to the pavement, and there being no one, either dame or servants, in the lower rooms on the ground floor, the noise was not remarked. After the descent, we little fellows had our work to do to put the sash safe back again, nail up the side laths, and make all secure. I took my grandchildren to see this

place when I was last at Eton, and to measure with my eye what we always thought a tremendous exploit, but there was not a fall of more than from four to five feet for the big fellows, who were themselves six feet high.

CHAPTER XIV.

COLONEL AND FAG.

THE COLONEL AND HIS FAG—'BENE NATUS, BENE VESTITUS MODERATÈ DOCTUS'—'MY CONFOUNDED CABBY.'

In some 'Reminiscences' from one of the colonies, I have read of an Eton Fellow not only driving a cab (a legitimate employment of some gentlemen in our own country), but driving a cab without entirely losing his position in society.

Others will remember with me, though I cannot recall the book in which I read the account, that a high-spirited, nice young fellow—who would do anything rather than quill-drive on a high stool in an office in London, where he had a good prospect offered to him—went out to the colonies to seek his fortune, and, unfortun-

ately, not having the physical power to work as a labourer, like many of his friends at that time, when there was such a run upon the gold diggings—after many vain attempts and much illness, that drained his purse to the dregs, found himself obliged to return to the capital, and there expended his little money to the last sixpence that was left in setting up a horse and cab. Some regiment was quartered there at that time, and, to his astonishment, the first time he was hailed from the stand, he recognized the hailing officer as a kind old friend who had been with him at the same dame's, and for whom he had fagged, at Eton. The astonishment was mutual, the recognition immediate, and the shake of the hand most cordial. Explanations were given. One had been favoured in every way in his career, the other had failed in every way. One had carried his country's colours, and come off unscathed in many an engagement, and was now colonel of his regiment, C.B., with many decorations. The other had been at Death's door again and again, but it had been from fever and starvation, and was now without a penny in the world, his all being

invested in his new cab and horse. But here they were, old friends again, well met.

The noble-hearted colonel counselled him to stick to his new trade, and he should be able to help him. He came to an understanding that he should always employ him, and get his subalterns, to whom he should recount the whole story, to employ him, but no one was to be taxed to give a half-penny more than the legal fare. He had heard of a well-known character at that time—with whom I was well acquainted—who had lost his large fortune, and took to driving a coach for a livelihood. One day an old friend booked his place, and got up on the box beside him, and a jolly five hours they had behind one of the finest teams in England; for the coachman—who had reduced himself, I am sorry to say, by his own folly—never lost his spirits, and was as full of fun and anecdote with his old friend as he used to be when he had five thousand a-year. When they came to their journey's end, the friend was rather put to it as to what he ought to do, but he frankly put out his hand to shake hands, and offered him a sovereign.

'No, no,' said the coachman. 'Put that in your pocket, and give me the half-crown you give to another coachman; and always come by me, and tell all your friends and my old friends to do the same. A sovereign might be all very well for once, but, if you think that necessary to-day, you would not like to feel it necessary the many times in the year you run down this way. Half-a-crown is the trade price. Stick to that, and let us have many a merry meeting and talk of old times.'

What was right he took, of course, as a matter of business, as I can testify by what happened between him and two of my young brothers, afterwards Eton Fellows. They had to go to school at the town to which their old friend the new coachman drove. Of course they would go by him whom they had known all their little lives. They booked their places and paid their money, and were proud to sit behind their friend, with such a splendid team.

The baronet chaffed and had fun with the boys, as he was always hail-fellow-well-met with everyone, old and young, all the way down, and at the end, when he shook hands and

did not see them prepare to give him anything, he said, as they were turning away,

'Now, you young chaps, hasn't your father given you anything for the coachman?'

'Yes,' they said, looking sheepish, 'he gave us two shillings each, but we didn't know what to do, we daren't give it to you.'

'Oh,' he said, 'it's all right. You hand it over to me, and come back with me next holidays, and bring me a coach-full of your fellows. Good-bye.'

I fancy my little brothers were rather disappointed; they thought they would have their fun going down with their old friend and that they would pocket the coachman's fee.

The principle was very good, and Sir St. Vincent—or 'Vinny' as he was always called—told me himself it answered very well. One day I was walking down Oxford Street just as he had started, and he said, 'Going my way—jump up,' which I did on the box. We turned down Bond Street and stopped at a saddler's shop. He gave me the reins, went in, and came out with a trunk on his back which he stowed away in the boot, and then returned and turned

down the steps and handed into the coach with great care and civility a fat old woman, saying to me, as he remounted the box,

'There, that will bring me something like a fee. Jones' (Captain Tyrrhett) 'Worcester' (Marquis) 'and Stevenson (of Trinity College, Cambridge)—who all drove their coaches to Brighton in those days—'have their liveried servants behind, who pack the baggage and take all short fares, and pocket all the fees. That's all very well for them. I drive for a livelihood and do all myself, and the more civil I am, particularly to the old ladies, the larger fees I get.'

Just then we passed, going down Parliament Street, the M.P.'s for Hunts and Cambridgeshire, two old friends, arm-in-arm, walking to a morning committee.

'Good-morning,' said my coachman, 'how are you? Going to the House?'

'Yes.'

'Good luck to you. Nobody but d——d fools and members of parliament work for nothing;' and, gathering up his whip with a swing or two in true professional style, he gave his spirited

wheelers the double thong very gently, and, with a chirp to the leaders, put them all into their finest paces to show them off as he drove away.

When we got to Westminster, he stopped and I got down; and as we shook hands he said,

'Good-bye, mind you always come with me and send your friends, and tell them I only take common coachman's fees.' He told me he was then making three hundred a-year by his coach. I daresay some old Eton Fellows would be glad now if they could make the same sum in the same way.

The young fellow in the colonies did make a good thing in his way. By his steady conduct and especially by the help of his old friend the colonel, and the subalterns of the regiment, he accumulated money, and by degrees added to his stock and became a great cab proprietor, driving a thriving trade; and—curiously enough, some may think in our country—without losing caste. Being of the 'bene natus, bene vestitus, et moderatè doctus' class, very well-behaved, and very guarded and cautious as to his conduct in his new position, being in every

way a jolly, straightforward Eton Fellow, come to seek his fortune in an English colony, and ready to turn his hand to anything within his powers, his Eton colonel and one or two subalterns of the old school gave him their patronage and carried their friends with them, and all the first people in the town took him up and even invited him to their parties. But even then he never let pleasure interfere with duty. He was always at the beck and call of his patron-friends, and ready to take their orders. One of his few books was 'Pickwick,' and there and then he remembered Sam Weller's principle, 'Business first and pleasure arterwards, as King Richard III. said when he stabbed the wicked king afore he smothered the babbies in the Tower,' and so he first drove the colonel and any other officers who ordered him to a ball to which he himself had been invited, pocketed his fares—ready money—and then went home, got into his dress-suit, and, doing the inside gentleman in his cab, made his stableman drive him to the house of dancing, and wait to take any of his early customers home, while he went in to enjoy himself, where, with his *bonhomie*, he was a welcome

guest, and where, with his excellent dancing, he was a favourite partner with the young ladies, who knew not only his birth, parentage, and education at Eton, but even his present occupation. The colonel was infatuated with his former old and still jolly young friend, and watched him almost as a lover, certainly as a brother, and never would interfere with his dance-list as long as there were engagements on it, however much he might wish himself to go home. He never would be driven by anyone else, and so sometimes had really a tax upon his patience. One night, as it was getting into the small hours, a friend remarked,

'Hullo, colonel! still here? I thought you were one of the early birds.'

'Well, so I am generally,' answered the colonel; 'but my confounded cabby is still engaged for three more dances, a cotillon at the last, and so I must stay and see the end of it.'

And so he did; and cabby went out, hurriedly slipped on his great-coat and wrapper over his dress clothes, got up on his cab, sending his stableman to run home, and was at the door to receive his colonel as he came down the stairs,

and to take his well-earned fare when he stopped at the commanding officer's quarters in the barrack-yard.

The colonel was the making of his Eton brother: his patronage and undisguised intimate friendship brought him into a thriving trade. Cabs were added to cabs, and civilization increased and roads were made, coaches were added to coaches, and if he is living now, as I hope he is, no doubt he has made himself a name and a fortune as the Bianconi of his colony, like the famed car-enterpriser in Irish history.

To the last day—when the regiment was ordered to England, and when the colonel wished God speed to his wild friend (wild in no bad sense, for he was always the Eton Fellow and the gentleman) with a ringing shake of the hand and a starting tear in his eye—the colonel's feelings were always concentrated in the same words,

Edmund, 'with all thy faults I love thee still.'

CHAPTER XV.

FIGHTING.

THE NEW BOY'S BLACK EYES—HE COULD HOLD HIS OWN—SHAME ON IDLENESS—WELLINGTON'S VERDICT ON THE PLAYING-FIELDS—ASHLEY'S FIGHT AND DEATH—KEATE THOROUGHLY MANLY AND RIGHT-HEARTED—KEATE'S SPEECH—NOTED FIGHTS—A FIGHT IN WHICH I WAS MYSELF CONCERNED.

FIGHTING! What will the mammas say to this?

I remember a near relation of mine coming to see me with a letter in her hand and her eyes streaming with tears, the first news she had received from her dear, delicate, beautiful first-born. He had not been at Eton a week, and he had had a fight and had two black eyes. 'I am uncommonly glad to hear it,' was my cruel answer; 'it shows his pluck,' which we half-questioned, and so were anxious in throwing

him into the vortex of the fourth form at Eton. He could hold his own: he had gained a credit for himself, a doubled fist with the motto under it, 'Wha dar' meddle with me.' The gentle boy had shown he had stuff and spirit in him.

The delicate, and, as some thought, timid boy had a heart, and it was in the right place, as a true Englishman. He was heir to a beautiful place and large property, but, like many other scions and heirs-apparent even of the noblest families, he would not, after he left Eton, waste his time in idleness. He would not be content to be one of the mere 'Gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease,' he would seek 'reputation even in the cannon's mouth.' He would offer his energies and his life, if need be, to his Queen and country. And though there were then 'rumours of war,'—the great Crimean contest having only lately been concluded, and the peace by few, if any, considered likely to be durable,—he worked and passed, and got his commission in the Guards, which he knew were always on the first roll for real service; but that was not to be his lot. There was no call for his regiment, and after a legitimate number

of years, during which he was ready for anything, he gave up arms under the tender influence of the female Toga, and took upon himself the milder but necessary duties of resident landlord and county magistrate.

All honour to him and others who—though by the accident of birth and riches they are not compelled to do anything to earn a livelihood—are still anxious to do something to earn for themselves an honourable name in the public service of their country, and—I fear I only add as I feel—shame to others who are content to live as idle, useless, isolated items in the busy world, as if they had no part to play and nothing to do but to eat, drink, and amuse themselves.

This was a lad of whom we may fairly say the Duke of Wellington would have approved. He had won, as His Grace had done, his first spurs in the playing-fields. It is curious that the only thing recorded of the Great Duke at Eton is, that 'he fought and thrashed Bobus Smith.' Might not His Grace have referred specially to the fights for showing and drawing out that pluck which, he said, 'Won the battle of Waterloo,' for 'our battle-ground was the

playing-fields,' and the fights were often the fights of giants in those days—fights of two hours and upwards.

One such fight occurred in my time, the most noted, the saddest, and the last—of that sort. It was then always a real test of strength, and skill, and pluck. The lads really fought it out. After four, or more usually after six, was the time appointed, giving from half-past six to lock-up time, a quarter to nine, for the contest. Pluck could do much, but the best man must win in such protracted fights.

Such used to be the fights when I first went to Eton. Such was poor young Ashley's fight, who, as the world knows, after fighting for more than two hours, and having held out with immense pluck until it was almost lock-up time, fell senseless, and breathed his last, without a word or sigh, about half-an-hour after he had been carried home.

I knew him well, though he was three years above me. The back-doors of his tutor's and my dame's were next to each other; and so we were thrown much together. He was a kind, jolly, curly-headed youngster, beloved

not only by us, his neighbours, but by all, and as he was going to fight a boy bigger than himself, and as he was to be backed up, not only by his elder brother, but by the greatest man at Eton, the Captain of the Boats, who was considered cock of the school, there was, of course, great interest and excitement, and, I believe, all, who could, attended. I, with some others, had to go to my tutor's that evening for verses, but twice, when my tutor retired, I rushed to the playing-fields, and saw a round each time, and joined in the clamour of delight and brought back the news that our young friend was winning the day. Alas! it was not realised. When we were let go by my tutor, we all ran down and saw the last fatal round. Both were fighting like professionals of the ring, stripped naked to the waist, the bottle-holders on both sides cheering on their respective champions. Unfortunately, the bottles contained brandy, which had been given with thoughtless but good intentions, though, it was said at the inquest, with fatal effect. But no one could really blame the seconds. They wished to keep up their exhausted friends till

ten minutes before lock-up was called, and then they must conclude and shake hands.

I believe there was only one minute to fight when the last blow was given, and poor little Ashley fell senseless and never spoke again. I saw him carried in naked to the waist on the shoulders of four boys—we all said, 'poor fellow, he is gone,' as the bell rang for absence and the doors of the two houses were closed. The doctor had been of course sent for, and within half-an-hour we heard from our window some heartrending sobs; we looked out and could distinguish in the closing darkness his poor brother in the yard wringing his hands, and to our question he said, 'The doctor has been. It is too true—the dear fellow is dead!'

The depression in the school was indescribable. I heard old Keate's speech, and can well endorse what Sir Francis Doyle says in his Reminiscences: 'Keate was thoroughly manly and right-hearted in the depths of his nature. I have seldom been more deeply moved than I was by the noble address, full of unshrinking courage and steadfastness, delivered by him to the school shortly after the sad accident by

which young Ashley lost his life, at the end of a protracted stand of fight in the playing-fields. "It is not," he said, and said gallantly, "that I object to fighting in itself; on the contrary, I like to see a boy who receives a blow return it at once, but that you, the heads of the school, should allow a contest to go on for two hours and a half, has shocked and grieved me." He then proceeded to express his sympathy with the bereaved parents in a strain of genuine because it was honest eloquence, and to urge upon us that, for the future, we should act in such cases with better judgment and under a deeper sense of responsibility. One and all, after listening to that speech, we trooped out of the upper school with a thorough belief and confidence in Keate that Arnold himself might have envied.'—p. 50.

Good undoubtedly came out of this sad evil. The boys were fully impressed with Keate's words; still, fight they must and would at times, but there was never afterwards a protracted fight as far as I can remember—there were certain noted 'set-to's,' but always after dinner—

there was then time for some hard pummelling and some display of science, but after twenty minutes all was made up. The seconds on both sides called them to shake hands, and both parties were satisfied. The one who got the best of it received his *κῦδος* for what he would have won had there been time; the one who got the worst of it received his *κῦδος* for having pluckily held out so long without the disgrace of defeat.

Sanders and Pringle, Rigby and Hillsborough Savile* and Hoseason, Barrow and Waterford, Theed and Duff, all were the noted fights of our time. They will not be forgotten by those who saw them.

* I am reminded by one who was there that Savile, though considerably bruised by his heavier adversary, disdained to accept the knee of the second between the acts, but merely rinsed his mouth with a few gulps of water, and strutted about the ring spouting Homer, crying,

''*Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας*
'αρχέτω, αυτᾶρ εγῶ μάλα πείσομαι, ἔιπερ ἀν ὅυτος,'

and when time was called he rushed into the fray again, refreshed by his own excitement and amidst repeated cheers.

'καὶ πρίν περ θυμῷ μεμαως . . . . μάχεσθαι,
δη τότε μιν τρὶς τόσσον ἕλε μένος.'

'These were the names
Familiar in our mouths as household words.'

Who won and who lost it is not for me to say, even if my memory serves me well, of which I am not sure; but I may say all showed pluck, and some a good deal of science. A curious point I remember in the case of Waterford's fight. He had heard that prize-fighters fed on raw steaks for some time before the fray to make them harder. He sent for a raw piece, cut it up into fine dice, and ate it on the morning of the fray, thinking it would have immediate effect. I knew him well, boarded at the next dame's, and breakfasted with him, a large party, on that memorable day, and I saw with my own eyes the raw meat (for him alone), in addition to the sausages and other usual delicacies. I am afraid the hardening effect of the new diet did not turn out to be immediate, for I remember he got a terrible black eye.

I am afraid I shall offend some stiff old mammas if I say that I thoroughly endorse our old head-master's noble words about fighting, but I do not hesitate to say more than that, viz.: that I wish the noble art of self-defence

was taught in the regular system of games and athletic exercises at all schools.* It is capital practice for activity and sharp sight necessary for many professions, and it may stand a fellow in good stead not only against bargees and rough clods in school and university days, but in the world afterwards. I am quite sure it prevents fights. It not only teaches a young fellow '*γνῶθι σεαυτον*,' and so gives him confidence and courage in many a critical time, but it teaches others, who attend the same lessons and witness his science and prowess, to 'beware of entrance in a quarrel' with him. They learn the principle to be applied all their lives in greater concerns, 'If you want peace, prepare (and let others see you are prepared) for war.'

I may perhaps be allowed to mention, without imputation of egotism, a fight in which I was myself concerned; not that I presume to

* After writing this, I have been glad to read in the *Times*, February 15th, 1887, that at the conference of the Trinity College, Cambridge, Church Home Mission, the master of Trinity is reported to have said, 'At Harrow he was not ashamed to say they had introduced singlestick and boxing (hear, hear) among the many other secular matters dealt with in their mission-room.'

claim a place amongst pugilistic notorieties, as I was only a lower boy, but because there was a curious case of good fortune for me connected with it, which may perhaps be remembered by some septuagenarians. It was to be a regular pitched battle in the playing-fields after dinner; so, after all due preparation, it was to begin about twenty-five minutes to three, and to last, if neither of us gave up, till the chapel bell tolled at ten minutes before three.

All was in order; there was a great crowd, partly because I was going to fight a boy bigger than myself—which always ensured the favour of the multitude—and also because I had a brother in the sixth form, and he and his friends came to back me up, give me a knee, sponge face and hands, administer cordial, and do other offices in exact accordance with the great Jackson's* and Charles Kean's† rules, and was I not one of the latter's little pupils?

I knew I should be licked if there was time,

* The great prize-fighter of the day, and the most noted teacher of the art of self-defence.

† Kean, afterwards the great actor, was one of Jackson's best pupils, and held a regular academy of this science, three times a week, at his rooms at Hexter's.

and I was sure I should be well pommelled if there was not time, but I meant to bear that, if I could, till the chapel bell rang, when the seconds would force us to make it up. I was instructed to make a waiting and retreating fight, and to tire, if I could, my fatter and heavier opponent. The first round he followed me on and on, and I dodged about to keep out of his reach, but at last I got a blow in the mouth that almost stunned me and shook every tooth in my head. The adverse party thought it was all up with me, for it was a case of 'Sternitur—atque tremens procumbit humi bos,' but I was *not* 'exanimis;' a little rest on my second's knee, a drop of brandy-and-water, a cold sponge to the wounded part, and a good chafing of the hands, and I was alive and active, if not quite myself again, when time was called for the second round. It was curious that, though my mouth was terribly swollen, there was no blood; and yet my opponent was bleeding profusely; but this mystery was soon cleared up. I had, two weeks before, been struck by a stone thrown at me in fun by one of my best friends (the late Lord Canterbury), and a piece was

broken off my front tooth that left a point sharp almost as a knife. My opponent's right hand was cut to the bone, and was still running down with blood and quite useless. This was soon clear to me and my backers; he could not hit with his right, and could hardly defend himself. I had it all my own way with my hand opposite to his right hand (I was a left-handed fellow), and easily knocked down his guard. 'Go in at him, go in at him,' was the cry of my backers; 'follow him up, he can do nothing.' I did so, got his head 'into chancery,' and pommelled in with my left hand. 'Fall,' cried his backers; 'Fall on him,' cried mine. Both did as we were told; he fell and I fell. Fortunately for me, I was uppermost, and the breath was knocked out of him, and he could not come up to time for the third round.

The sponge was thrown up, and I was the victor, but perfectly aware that I was the victor —perhaps it may be said—by the skin of my teeth, or at least that the sharp-pointed tooth alone had won the day. My opponent stayed at Eton a very little time after this. We were always good friends, but I am quite willing to

admit to him, if he is still alive and may see this account, that I was satisfied in my own mind that he was the better 'man,' and, if he had provoked another fight, I cannot but think I should have shown the white feather. That first blow was a stunner.

In connection with fighting, and in favour of games and sports, I have a story to tell, as it was told to me by a young officer. He did not pretend to have learned much in the book way at Eton, not even to say by heart, or do verses; but everything he did learn came into play in his profession, and most of it in one day when he was campaigning.

He had hot work on one occasion (I think he said at Inkerman). The enemy came up thicker and thicker. His sergeant fell at his side. He seized his rifle, and fired it with deadly effect, but, as the foe came on, there was no time to re-load; so he took to his revolver, and made good use of it as long as his cartridges lasted. By that time they were at close quarters in a regular melée. He drove his sword through and through a Russian officer, who meant to have done the same by him.

Confound the weapon! it twisted, and was useless. Without defence, he was surrounded and taken prisoner, and sent off to the rear, not ignominiously bound or hand-cuffed, but in charge of two stalwart grenadiers, whom he eyed askance, in their long coats, and convinced himself they could not run. He watched his opportunity; with well-directed blow, he knocked one head over heels, and drew off the attention of the other by a north countryman's wrestling-dodge-kick, sent him a cross-buttocker in the mud, and then took to his heels as if somebody worse than two 'Rooshians' were after him. He had got over a good piece of ground before his guardians were on their legs and let fly at him, still, though the balls whizzed by, they did not even wing him. But another dangerous foe came after him. A Russian lancer had seen the fray, and made at him at full speed. He ran as one could who had been first in the foot-races at Eton. He cleared a good-sized fence, as one could who had won the hurdle-races. The lancer cleared it after him, and came on a-pace full tilt, with lance fixed, which he almost felt running through

him; but fortune favoured him, and he came to a swollen brook running fiercely. It was neck or nothing—nothing, indeed, when he got up to it; for it proved to be no more than about seventeen feet of water, and had he not cleared nineteen, without the incentive of a Russian lancer close behind him, when he won the 'long jump' over Chalvey ditch? He flew over, and the Russian craned. He was soon out of carbine-shot, and his life was saved. He got safe to his own lines, and the first words to a friend and school-fellow, as they shook hands, were 'Floreat Etona,' where he had learned the rifle and revolver practice, the broadsword exercise, the noble science of self-defence, the high jump and the long jump, the wrestling dodge, and, last of all but not least, the use of his legs, which carried him so well out of harm's way, and enabled him to tell the tale.

There, my young friends, is incentive, if you want any, to join in all athletic games and sports, while you are carrying on your brain-work, in your happy time at Eton.

CHAPTER XVI.

PIG FAIR.

PIG FAIR—HELD ONCE A YEAR—SOME TAILS CUT OFF—A BIT OF FUN—A JOBBER TREATED WITH FOR THE LOAN OF A PIG—A FIGHT—A FURIOUS RUSH— ——'S FAMOUS RIDE ON A PIG—DEATH-BLOW TO PIG FAIR.

THERE was a curious custom, referred to by Lyte, of a pig fair, which, according to old prescriptive rights, was held in the college once in the year, on Ash Wednesday morning. The whole three-cornered space from Western's yard gate up to Yonge's house was stuffed with carts full of pigs, with pig-jobbers and pig-buyers, cads and customers, and blackguards of all sorts. There was one continuous row, the squeaking of pigs prevailing above the babel of voices; basses of the angry owners and mob, and high tenors of the boys in their

excited fun. Nets over the carts were cut, backs were let down, lynch-pins were pulled out, carts themselves upset, and pigs let loose.

I am afraid some tails were cut off, which of course tended to the increase of squeaking and the ire and blackguardly language of the owners. Fights constantly occurred. I remember a lithe, wiry, scientific young fellow—who had studied the noble art of self-defence under Charles Kean at the academy held at his rooms three times a week after dinner—knocking a great, big, awkward lout of a jobber all to pieces in about ten minutes.

The jobber had caught a little fellow in the act of cutting off the tail of one of his pigs, and —I think we may say small blame to him—he was making a due return upon his little foe, but it was not a mere cuff on the head, which would perhaps have 'sarved him right,' but the belabouring was excessive, and a young champion, running up, soon brought the whole wrath of the clod upon himself, and, as they squared and pitched into each other, both parties made a ring and a regular pitched battle ensued, but five minutes was enough to settle it; the claret

flowed freely from the heavy-weight's nose, two or three straight left-handers bunged up an eye, and our young champion, a Devonshire lad, with a good knowledge of wrestling, closed in and sent his bulky adversary a cross-buttocker with his heels in the air and his head in an oyster-shell on the road.

The man had had enough, and, all the big fellows having come up at the row, his friends, thinking probably that many others might have the same skill as well as the same courage, held back sulkily, while the chapel bell rang and prevented the chance of any further collision, for of course we all had to be off to service, and by the time that was over the fair was at an end, and all the carts and mob had dispersed.

On another occasion, at our Lent fair, there occurred a bit of fun which I am astonished neither Lyte nor the author of 'Etoniana' recorded, though they were both instructed by Eton men, as it is one of the most noted stories of our time. I mean ——'s pig-ride through college. Burnaby's ride to Khiva was a joke to it. Let anyone of a decent height try to mount

and stick to a self-willed pig with only ears for a bridle.

'Expertus disces quam gravis iste labor.' Here was a bet that he would ride a pig *through* college just as Keate was coming into school, for we had school that morning as well as extra chapel to prevent collisions. Tertullian went on for three quarters of an hour while the carts were collecting, and then there was only five minutes before the bell rang for chapel and five minutes while it was ringing, and so only ten minutes in which rows could take place, but rows did take place and the more fiercely because there was so little time. All were doubly busy under and about the carts, and the whole school being then and there assembled no small amount of business was done within the limited time. On this morning the pig-dealers were glad to get rid of the usual nest of hornets which swarmed—if hornets do swarm—at a different place.

There a jobber was treated with for the loan of a pig which he must afterwards catch for himself, and, all being explained, the man entered

into the fun as soon as his palm was crossed with a half-crown. The course was the path by the Long Walk wall, from Western's yard gate to the Christopher. The steed was a large hog. It was caught and held and squeaked of course as only constrained pigs can squeak. There was such a row that the whole school was assembled—it was like the summons by ringing the bell of a national school. The course was cleared; a thick phalanx of three or four deep was drawn up opposite the wall on the road-side.

Scouts were set to pass the word as soon as Keate had got some way down his lane. The jockey, a scion of a noble house, afterwards a peer himself, without his coat, and with pocket-handkerchief knotted into a cap on his head, mounted and seized the pig's ears as his bridle: the flag was dropped by the starter when the signal was given from Keate's lane, and off went the high-mettled racer at a pace which nobody perhaps but a practised pig-sticker knows that pigs can go.

The crowd was immense, the rush furious, the cheering deafening. The little doctor was

beyond himself with excitement at the row, but he could only catch a glimpse of the apparition as it flashed by, and, after a few words in no very mild or complimentary tone to the roaring boys, he rushed furiously into his chambers. The consultation with his assistant-masters was long, and after recounting what he had seen—or thought he had seen—and what he knew he had heard, something was agreed upon, though evidently not a very severe threat, as the whole school was implicated. The doctor had not been able to recognise the jockey, as he rushed by in his racing costume, but, as he said, 'he must be given up; it was a foolish, impudent transaction, and the culprit must stand his punishment.'

The notice was received with 'boos.' The doctor, with his peculiar eyes and eyebrows, was sharp enough to see which way the wind blew. He knew that, if he were severe, the boys would be uproarious, perhaps rebellious, and quickly changed his tone and tack, and—perhaps having an inkling who the boy was, of noble name and general good conduct, and not wishing to risk the chance of forced expulsion if his calls

for giving the culprit up had not been answered—brought his great discretion against his first idea of violence, and allowed the matter to fall into a joke. 'There, then, foolish boys. I know pigs will squeak and boys will laugh; there, don't do it again.'

This was the death-knell of the pig fair. There had been rows, fights, uproar every Ash Wednesday from time immemorial, but this beat them all—'twas the last straw that broke the back of the old custom. What new arrangements were made with the hucksters I know not; but this was the last of the pig fairs in college.

CHAPTER XVII.

BANKES' SWIM FROM WINDSOR BRIDGE TO BROCAS CLUMP.

A STRONG, BROAD-SHOULDERED, ATHLETIC FELLOW—BREASTED THE STREAM GLORIOUSLY—HE KEEPS UP WELL—HIS LAST SPURT IN GRAND STYLE—DESERVES TO BE HANDED DOWN TO POSTERITY—FIRST TO LEAVE OFF PADS AT FOOTBALL.

I REMEMBER a feat which created great excitement in my time, and which to my surprise is not noticed in Lyte's book or in 'Etoniana,' seeing it was—in its way—one of the most wonderful exploits ever performed by an Eton boy.

A strong, broad-shouldered athletic fellow in the eight made a bet that he would swim from Windsor Bridge to Brocas Clump. All who know Eton know what a stream runs there now, and I believe it was stronger fifty years ago, as

there were no locks at Boveney. Amidst an immense concourse of spectators from Windsor Bridge, and from dozens and dozens of boats of all sorts, he was punted to the middle arch and there took a header (a very good one too) into the stream amidst a roar of treble and bass voices.

Immediately he rose, to our astonishment he struck out almost at right angles to Bob Tolliday's landing-place. We thought he was wrong; we thought the stream was stronger there, but no doubt he had studied its course, and was in the right. He breasted the stream gloriously, and buffeted it with strong and rapid stroke, but to us he seemed to make no way at all: the first five minutes we thought it was all up with him. There was silent, almost breathless agitation, with low murmurs of 'It's no use; he's done,' when on a sudden we heard, 'By Jove! he moves, he moves.' And he did move, and he did make progress, though it was only about an inch a stroke. Still he was perceptibly drawing on by degrees to the next boat-house, Hester's. 'If he could only keep it up,' was the murmur. He does keep it up, and is

followed by cheers louder and louder as he passes each moored boat.

He clung to the shore as near as it was possible to swim, the stream running fastest on the side of the eyot. When rather higher than the top of the eyot, he cut through this stream diagonally, and came out to the left in dead water. Then he turned upon his back to rest; and, in fact, his race was won. He made his way along the dead water on his back as gently and easily as a swan glides through its course; and when he had gradually passed some way beyond Brocas Clump, he turned, and, a giant refreshed by his rest, made his last spurt in grand style, again diagonally, through the swift stream, and landed, amidst triumphant cheers, —such as Eton boys alone can make, when they have good reason for it—at his goal. He was wrapped in a blanket, and hurried, on some lads' shoulders, to Hester's, where he was well rubbed over, and, after a very short rest, was himself again and ran down town to absence.

Many an old Eton man must have witnessed this feat, and will remember the excitement of that noted day; but, as far as I know, in no

annals of Eton has it ever been recorded. Still it surely deserves to be handed down to posterity, and I am glad to have the privilege of doing this. The hero of the day was Bankes at Okes'. The old provost of King's remembers the fact, and confirms my account, but adds, I am sorry to say, that his old pupil is no longer in the land of the living to receive the homage which a contemporary is glad to pay to such a glorious triumph. Should any young ones of these days doubt its difficulty, I only say, 'Strip, and try it for yourselves.'

Bankes was also noted for another bold and courageous act, as being the first to set the example of playing foot-ball without pads. I read the other day, in the 'Old Buffer's' amusing book on athletics, 'Pads at foot-ball are quite a modern fashion, and were never dreamt of in days gone by.' He is mistaken. Had he been a septuagenarian, he would have known better. Up to the year '25, all the boys padded at Eton in the different foot-ball clubs. We used to put on a second pair of stockings, and roll them down over the ankle, and then lay some double laps of stockings, or

cloths, or handkerchiefs, over our shins, and then over all to bind an old book-cover. In this armour, with as many folds as we could bind under our trowsers, we took the field, looking like half-swathed mummies, or gouty old codgers. One great match—I think it was boats and school—Bankes appeared in knee-breeches and silk stockings, without even the second pair rolled down in protection for the ankle.

The example thus set was immediately followed. After this, anyone would have been ashamed to appear in pads. I believe it was an excellent thing in every way, for it not only made a more lively and active game, but it did away with much unfair kicking and prevented many quarrels. It was a noble game as then played, and, I maintain, ten times as interesting and lively as that now played at the wall. In our time a ball could be run down from one goal at the tree to the other at the corner of the wall. If anyone got it out of the bully, and kicked it past the man behind and outstripped him, he might kick again half-way down the field, and if it went out of the course and he

could get it, roll or kick it 'in strait' to the wall, and catch it before the others came down, he might again roll it as far as he could towards the corner, get a catch from the wall, and have a shy at goals. Now, as I saw the game a few years ago, it was all push and shove in one continuous bully. Weight told, no doubt; but there was, to my idea, no life or activity. When the ball was kicked out of the bully, perhaps past the man behind and beyond the regular course, I may call it, halt was always called. The whole teams were gathered in opposition, the ball was rolled into the bully, and shove and push was again the order of the day. I, as an old joint-captain, stuck up for our lively game, 'Laudator temporis acti,' but of course I am only an old fogey. 'Nous avons changé tout ça,' my grand-children tell me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ACTING.

ACTING ON THE SLY—WINKED AT—GREEK PLAYS NOW RECOGNIZED AND PATRONIZED BY AUTHORITIES—DRAMA STANDS HIGHER THAN SIXTY YEARS AGO—CHARLES KEAN THE ONLY CONTEMPORARY WHO WENT ON THE STAGE AS PROFESSION—EXCEPTIONAL CASE—REGULAR THEATRE—JOINT TROUPE OF COLLEGERS AND OPPIDANS—REHEARSAL IN COLLEGE—NOTED SCENE—LOWER BOY HOLDING THE MOON—A FUTURE CHIEF JUSTICE—SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE—A NOTED DIVINE—LYDIA LANGUISH—A BE-BEARDED SEXAGENARIAN—THE PRETTY MAID—A YORKSHIRE RECTOR BOB ACRES—A NOTED D.D.—DEAF AS A POST—A LATE PROVOST—QUEEN DOLLABELLA—A FELLOW OF KING'S—SLEEPING IN COLLEGE—MIMICKING KEATE.

ACTING was carried on on the sly: was no doubt winked at so long as not brought too prominently forward; but, if for any reason openly detected, it was reproved and discountenanced.

In my humble opinion, the open recognition and encouragement at school and university is far better, particularly as there is then a control

over the pieces of the 'répertoire.' I stand up for it as an innocent amusement. All is got up at odd leisure times which might otherwise have been devoted to mischief. It is an excellent exercise of memory, a first-rate discipline for 'repartee,' and a fund of quotation is thereby laid up for after life.

In the case of the Greek plays now acted at Cambridge, I believe opinion has completely changed. It was feared that besides the attraction to the drama as a profession, it might take up too much time; but now the wonderful knowledge of the language acquired in the thorough mastery of one Greek play is fully recognized by the authorities, and they not only sanction but patronize the performance, and give the undergraduates their well-deserved credit by approbation and applause. Terence had long been encouraged and supported at Westminster as good work for the mind and memory, without any fear of leading to the stage profession. Much grander—for the same object—we Cambridge men think is the study of the old Greek classics, and we are glad to honour the diligence and talent of our under-

graduates that have put upon the stage with such judgment and perfect scenic effect the 'Birds' of Aristophanes and 'Eumenides' of Æschylus.

The drama undoubtedly stands now higher than it did fifty or sixty years ago. There were then, no doubt many among the first actors, of good position and good conduct, who were respected as gentlemen and honoured for their talent; but I am afraid that was not the case with the οι πολλοι of the profession, and consequently parents, and those *in loco parentum*, feared the association and the attractive pastime —as it was—which might turn the young fellows' heads and lead them into the society and afterwards actual membership with actors. But it is perhaps a curious fact that of the numbers of not only good but first-rate actors that I saw and heard during my long career at Eton, only one of my contemporaries, as far as my recollection serves, ever went upon the stage as his profession, and that was an exceptional case, viz.: Charles Kean. Inheriting such a name, and with such a father to instruct him, he began his career with advantages which no other Eton

man could boast. As 'dimidium qui cepit habet,' so he began with 'success' in his *début* from the very name he bore, and 'commanded' it afterwards because he deserved it.

In my time there was a regular theatre with permanent scenery at Barney Levi's large room about half-way up town, conducted by a joint 'troupe' of collegers and oppidans, and patronised by ladies from Windsor, dames and their friends from Eton and the environs, and, if not by masters' wives, certainly by masters' daughters.

We had rehearsals in college—sometimes of course dress rehearsals, as everyone can act better with painted face and bewigged and dressed in his peculiar character. The old oak bedsteads were turned up for 'coulisses' hangings and drop-curtains were made of red rugs and yellow blankets.

One noted scene I remember, when a full moon was improvised from a sheet of foolscap cut round and well oiled to make it transparent, and set in a broad rim of blue paper for sky. It was rather high up, and a little lower boy was put on a stool to hold a tallow dip at some length behind it. The dialogue was long (the

garden-scene from 'Romeo and Juliet,' for which we had a smooth pretty lady-boy), too long for the moon, which began to wobble, on which we could hear some not very pleasant remarks, or rather threats, from the stage-manager behind —the little lower boy was evidently catching it, but his hand was put back into position, and the moon shone steadily as before; but soon the wobble began again,—altercation and a cuff took place, and in the most pathetic part, for which the moon was specially placed there,* we heard, 'Blow'd if I hold the moon any longer,' and the love-scene became serio-comic, for the moon was suddenly extinguished, 'never to rise again' that night, and an audible box on the ear and a cry from behind, with roars of laughter from before the scenes, completely drowned the pathos (or bathos?) of the dialogue, which was brought to an abrupt termination by the sudden descent of the drop-curtain, the manager thinking that was the best way of get-

* ROMEO. 'Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—'
JULIET. 'O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb.'

ting out of the mess, and putting a stop to the confusion.

Looking back sixty years, I can still recall much fun at these private theatricals, and no harm—except to the little colleger, who certainly was rather shabbily treated for not holding the moon steady at arm's-length for more than a quarter-of-an-hour.

I hope it will not be considered telling tales out of school (I shelter myself under 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum') to say that a late Chief Justice of one of our colonies made a capital Sir Anthony Absolute. A noted divine, who was afterwards a great authority upon Jerusalem and the East —dressed up in his sister's white muslin gown, with the necessary indescribable under-adjuncts to tiffle out the figure according to the height of fashion of the day—made a very fine and good-looking girl as Lydia Languish; and to her a then smooth-faced little brother of mine, now a grey-headed, bebearded sexagenarian not unknown on Newmarket Heath, made a very pretty little maid. A white-bearded, well-known Yorkshire rector, celebrated up to this very day for his endless fund of wit and anec-

dote, acquitted himself marvellously as Bob Acres, in splendid contrast, both in humour and in brogue, to a noble Irish lord who had acted the part very moderately a year before: and a D.D., of great note at Oxford as a classical scholar, and afterwards head of one of the universities in Australia, was a *ne plus ultra* in 'Deaf as a Post.' He might have made a fortune on the stage had that been his bent. Keeley was acting the part at that time in London, and of course everyone of us had seen him in the holidays, and everyone of us thought our hero did as well—if not better—than Keeley. 'Bombastes Furioso' was a favourite piece, well got up and well acted. The turn-out of the 'brave army' with its various flutes and penny trumpets and other musical instruments, and motley dresses and arms, was worthy of any country theatre. The late Provost of Eton, whose gait in his young days was never very stately, nor his complexion very delicate, still made a capital Queen Dollabella.

I remember on the noted 'douse-the-moon' night—it was just before election—that a Fellow of King's, himself a first-rate actor and a

most extraordinary mimic, particularly of old Keate, slept in college to see the fun, and he was pleased to approve and gave many good hints to the actors. After supper, he dressed up for the purpose, and threw into fits of laughter all who were privileged to hear him give his imitations of the old Baffin. Curiously enough, within a few days of this display, in fact, I believe, the very next day, he was offered the vacant post of assistant-master, and in that position we found him, much to our surprise and amusement, upon our return after the holidays.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY, SO-CALLED 'POP.'

WHY IT WAS CALLED THE 'POP.'—'MOTHER' HATTON'S—HELD THERE WHILE THE OLD SPINSTERS LIVED—BENEFITS OF THE 'POP.'—I WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT—'ORDER, ORDER!'—OBSTRUCTIONISTS—A REPRIMAND—JOHN WICKENS—HIS IMPEDIMENT, AND CAREFUL ATTENTION TO OVERCOME IT—LORD DERBY AND MR. GLADSTONE—OTHER FAMOUS MEMBERS.

ONE institution founded in Keate's time by Charles Fox Townshend (all honour to him) is, in my humble opinion, of such importance that I would commend it specially to my young friends who have any ambition in their souls, and who hope to attain the character of 'grave and reverend signors' in some position of after-life.

It used sometimes to be called the 'Pop.' because, I believe, the members met for break-

fast on certain days at 'Mother' Hatton's, the 'Popina' or cook and sock shop. That was the tradition in my time, and we had our debating-room there, which was continued as long as the two old spinsters lived, when the house was pulled down and the debating-club or 'Eton Society' was removed to the 'Christopher.'

No doubt some spoke derisively of 'the Pop.' or 'literati,' as they did of anything that seemed to imply 'sapping,' but many others felt 'non cuivis contingit,' and that it was an honour to be admitted into the select few of the 'Eton Society.' And this, I hope, will be the feeling of our sensible young friends at this day: that —in these burning times of competition, when everyone in the various professions has a real work to do if he wishes to get on—there is here a means of acquiring and keeping up knowledge in the preparation for debates; that here they can exercise and improve any faculties that Nature has given them; that here they can work down nervousness and conquer timidity, rub off defects, qualify themselves for Senate, Bar, or Pulpit, and last, not least, form intimate friendships which are the delight of after-life. The

only regret I have on looking back and thinking of the 'Pop' is that they did me the honour of electing me the president, and so—for the last and important year, when one would have been taking part in the debates and gaining all the special advantages of belonging to the society—one had only to exercise the 'lucus a non lucendo' office of Speaker who never spoke.

'Order, order,' was my chief task, and it was a very easy one and not often called into action in our little House of Commons, where there were only perfect gentlemen amongst the select few whom I had the honour of commanding. Still, once or twice—perhaps as an exception proving the rule—patience and temper were tried by one or two unruly 'obstructionists'

I specially remember one instance at the beginning of my presidential career, when a resolution was unanimously passed by the House that a certain honourable member should be formally reprimanded by the Chair. I searched into rules and precedents, rather nervously, as to how I was to carry out this extraordinary resolution, and my mind was considerably relieved when I found that my Usher of the Black Rod—

that was the secretary for the month—was to conduct the offender to the 'Bar of the House,' that was to our table, where, in as grave and dignified a tone as I could assume, I had only to read out, 'Mr. ——, by an unanimous resolution of the House, you are to receive a reprimand from the Chair, and you are reprimanded accordingly:' and, with a stiff and stately bow, the extraordinary incident was at an end.

John Wickens was in my time a very noted member of our society, not only as being one of the cleverest fellows in the school, but as one who took every advantage here offered to him of acquiring knowledge and bringing it out in constant debate, and of qualifying himself for a career at the Bar on which he had set his heart, but against which he felt he had a great drawback in a natural defect of a strong and unpleasant lisp; but he had read of Demosthenes and his struggles and triumph over nature, and by constant practice and diligent care, he, like Demosthenes, succeeded, and to a great extent conquered his defect, so much so that I have been told it became hardly perceptible, and by no means objectionable, as he made his way at

the Bar, and, amongst all those severe critics and sharp competitors, became an eminent counsellor, and rose at last to the high dignity of Lord Justice of Appeal.

We have two other grand orators of Keate's time—Stanley, Earl of Derby, and William Ewart Gladstone—whose portraits hang on the walls of the society-room, as the guiding stars to the nascent young orators of each new generation, but with every recognition of their transcendent abilities, which won for them the highest and proudest prize of the statesman, the Premiership of England, still I cannot give them the full credit that I do to John Wickens; for in their cases no doubt the old saying was fulfilled, 'Orator nascitur non fit,' whereas our Demosthenes fought against nature, and made himself in spite of nature.

If I had only three such cases to bring forward in recommendation of the so-called 'Pop.' it would be more than most schools could boast of; but when I can add, even in the few years of my experience and out of the select number of our members, the honoured names of such men of mark as Leveson-Gower, Earl Granville; Sir

E. S. Creasy, Newcastle Medallist 1830, Newcastle Scholar 1831, Professor of History, Chief Justice of Ceylon; Abraham, Bishop of Wellington; Tickell, Fellow of University College, Oxford, First-class Classics; G. Mellish, Lord Justice of Appeal; W. Lewis, Judge of Supreme Court, Jamaica; J. Lonsdale, Newcastle Scholar, Fellow of Balliol, First-class Classics, Second Mathematics; Lord Lyttelton, Newcastle Medallist, bracketed with Dr. Vaughan as Senior Classic at Cambridge, and Robert Keate, Governor of Seychelles and Sierra Leone,—whom I had the pleasure of associating with in my time, and many of whom have remained my sincere friends through life,—then I put forth my incentive to the young ones of the day with confidence to be candidates for the Debating Society, and I say you will not only find the benefit if you look to the Senate, Bar, or Pulpit, but you will thank your training afterwards if you descend from any high position you may hold and become Sunday-school teachers like the noble, devoted Earl of Selborne and the late Earl Cairns and Viscount Hatherley, or your power will come out in addressing your regiments—

if that be your line—in critical times, when a few burning words will stir up enthusiasm, and bring the men to follow their leader, 'on, on,' again and again, and 'once more unto the breach,' with the noble cry, 'Heaven for England,' our sovereign 'and St. George!'

CHAPTER XX.

THE PHILOLUTRIC CLUB, AND INCIDENTS.

ABRAHAM VISITS ME AT HARTLEY WESPALL—WORKING FOR PHILOLUTRIC DEGREE—BATHE ON A FROSTY MORNING IN THE MILL-STREAM—MY MAN'S NOTIONS OF IT—'MAD, SIR, MAD, STARING MAD'—YEARS AFTERWARDS—MEETS MY MAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE—THE STORY REHEARSED—'BY GEORGE, YOU WAS THE MAN'—SIR LAUNCELOT SHADWELL—ORDERS A POLE AND HORSE-RUG—THE MAN'S ASTONISHMENT—'VERY WILD; WE MUST LOOK AFTER HIM'—FOLLOWED—SEIZED—'I'm VICE-CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND'—'TELL THAT TO THE MARINES'—HIS DIP LOST FOR ONE MORNING.

ABRAHAM, then one of the masters, came to visit me in the Christmas holidays when I was curate to old Keate at Hartley Wespall. He was just then working for his honorary degree in the Philolutric Club, and was bound to bathe every day in the year as a qualification. It was a very hard frost, and the snow deep on the ground. The first evening, as my man drove him from the station, he made inquiries whether

there was any river in the neighbourhood, and, being answered there was only a mill-stream, inquired whether it was deep enough to jump in. Having had satisfactory answers, he told my man to call him at daybreak, not to disturb anybody in the house, but to throw up some stones at his window, bring a lantern and a horse-rug and a pole to break the ice, if necessary. My man went away shaking his head in thought, but still feeling bound to do as he was bid; and so, in the morning, he was punctual at his post before any of the indoor servants were up and about.

The signal at the window was answered, and in a minute or two Abraham appeared in long great-coat, and followed his guide to the mill-stream. The ice had collected at the bank, but that was soon broken, and necessary investigation was made with the pole to ascertain the depth and to ensure there being no snags, and then, in a moment, shoes and coat were thrown off, Abraham took a header in, turned round as sharp as he could, sprang out, slipped on his shoes and great-coat, and, without a word to the man, ran home as fast as his legs would

carry him, jumped into bed, got into a regular glow, as he said, and had an hour's sleep before he was called a second time by the maid to be up for breakfast. My man had his impressions, which I do not think were dissipated by the half-crown with which his palm was crossed the next day, when he drove my friend to the station, for his words to me were—

'He seems a nice gentleman, sir, but he must be mad, stark, staring mad; 'tis a pity, sir, for if he's not drownded, he will soon kill hisself in that way.'

Now the most remarkable part of the story is still to come. Many years afterwards, when Abraham had left his post at Eton, and was working under his friend the Bishop of New Zealand, and had risen to the dignity of archdeacon of some outlandish place with an unpronouncable Maori name, he came home on leave for private business in England. As a poor man he was travelling third-class down to his brother's in Suffolk; it was market-day, and the carriage was choke-full—with no very bright atmosphere from smoking farmers.

A talkative man on the far side amused his

companions by telling a story of a mad parson when he was in service coming to his master's house, and doing exactly what I have related. The archdeacon listened attentively to the end of the yarn, smiled with the others, and then turning to the man, said,

'That was at Hartley Wespall, wasn't it?'

The coachman jumped round, gave a good stare, and said,

'Yes, and, by George, you was the man.'

The same sort of story was told of Sir Launcelot Shadwell, the Vice-Chancellor of England, an Eton man and the noted *fish* of his time before Selwyn. I believe he was the founder of the Philolutric Club, or at all events he was a member, and bathed every day in the year if he could, even after he had taken his degree. He was posting down upon some business (there were no railways in those days), through Yorkshire, and, having put up at a small country inn, he got hold of the ostler after supper, made some of the same sort of remarks as my friend did at my house, and, finding there was a river at hand, gave the same sort of order to be called early, and to have a

pole and horse-rug. The ostler receiving such a mysterious order came and asked to speak to his master who was undressed for bed. He explained exactly what he was told to do, and said,

'The gennelman seemed very wild, he thought they must look after him, for he himself couldn't swim, and he might destroy hisself, for all he could do.'

The master said, the ostler was to do as he was bid, and he would go in the dark morning with another ostler, conceal themselves in the bushes, and be ready for any emergency. The same process was carried out—Sir Launcelot and the ostler arrived just at break of day, convinced himself by help of the pole that the river was deep enough and had no snags, threw off his coat his sole garment, and was delayed a moment kicking off his shoes, the strings of which had got into a knot, when the host and the other ostler rushed forward, caught hold of him, covered him, naked as he was, with the rug, and carried him home kicking and saying he was the Vice-Chancellor of England.

'Oh,' they said, 'tell that to the marines, we

must look after our lodgers even if you were the King of England himself.'

They put him to bed, and were just going to send for a doctor to attend the madman, when further explanations were given, the *dénouement* was believed, due apologies were made, and the great man proceeded on his way in his post-chaise. But he had lost his day's bathing, for the great object was to do it early, and get into bed again to have a glow, which was supposed to tend to health. I had rather try for my glow with an extra blanket, and another hour's rest, than take a header into a half-frozen stream; but—*chacun à son goût.*

CHAPTER XXI.

SELWYN MAJOR AND SWIMMING.

UNDRESSING UNDER THE WATER—HOW TO SAVE A DROWNING FRIEND—THE PHILOLUTRIC CLUB—SELWYN PRESIDENT—HIS HEADER AT THE WEIR, UP-STREAM—THIRTY YEARS AFTERWARDS, BISHOP OF LICHFIELD (SELWYN), BISHOP OF WELLINGTON (ABRAHAM), AND SELF AT CONSECRATION OF BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM—SELWYN'S LESSONS CARRIED ON IN SWITZERLAND—BATHING AT THE ROCK—VISIT TO MAIRE—OFFICIAL PERMISSION—MAN DROWNED—INEFFECTUAL SEARCH FOR BODY—SPINSTER AUNTS—YOUNG FELLOWS TIRED OF LIFE—PRETENDED SUICIDE.

SELWYN MAJOR, afterwards Metropolitan of New Zealand, and later on Bishop of Lichfield, was the crack swimmer of our day. He was in every way a grand athlete: thick-set and muscular, strong as a bull, active and energetic, a capital foot-ball player, a first-rate oar, and, withal, a good scholar, he is one whom I like to honour, as one of my hard-kickers at Eton who made his own way in the world up to

the top of his tree, and gave early promise of that prowess and determination which made him in his course one of the greatest men of our age, and makes him now one of the brightest examples to our youth in these hard-working and competitive times. Is not his name written, in imperishable record, in the chronicles of New Zealand, and of the 'black country' at home?

I remember witnessing some of his great feats. One was taking a running header, and diving across the river at Upper Hope. I am quite prepared for an outcry, 'Ohe! jam satis est:' 'Credat Judæus Apella, non ego.' I answer, The river may have varied its course, and—with such a stream running round that corner—may have greatly enlarged its bed in the last sixty years, so as to render it *now* an impossibility, and make me seem a Baron Munchausen in my story; but I stick to it, and I am sure there are many septuagenarians now alive who will remember the grand feat, and confirm my testimony. The stream being so strong, he was carried an immense way down before he got across, and it was such a dive

as had never been seen before, and was never seen again—except from him.

Selwyn was very strong upon another point, that no one could be a good and successful swimmer who could not undress in the water, for that was the first thing to be thought of, if upset yourself, or if a chance was given of saving a helpless friend. First, he said, you must get rid of your shoes; and that really was not difficult. Any active fellow, throwing himself on his back, can reach his shoes, untie them, and kick them off. Supposing you have boots, he said, you must cut them off—if you have a knife, if not, woe betide you, unless you are near shore; for boots, full of water, are a terrible clog against a lengthened swim for your own life, and fatal, perhaps, against the chance of saving a half-drowned friend.

(*Mem:*—Which I have always retained for sixty years, though it has never been my lot to use it—According to Selwyn's injunction, 'always carry a knife in your pocket when you go out in a boat!')

Tread-water, unbutton and kick off your trowsers. That is very easy. If you have a

loose jacket, there is no difficulty in slipping it off; if you have a tight coat, it must be sacrificed:—cut it, or tear it off, and also your shirt. If you have a Jersey, that is a more difficult matter, but well worth the trouble and delay of a few minutes. Tread-water, put your hands as far as you can behind your neck, lift it up inch by inch till you get a good roll in your hands, and then you will easily pull it over your head; and there you are, a free man, unencumbered, as Nature made you. If you have been cool enough to accomplish all this, you may then swim for miles; you will have strength and pluck enough to save yourself or help a non-swimming friend. In the latter case, be cautious. He is sure to be terrified, and perhaps may try to clutch you in his agony. Talk to him as you get near, tell him to be cool and quiet, and you will easily hold him up till help comes.

If he has became exhausted and gone down, wait for him; he will come to the surface again; then seize him by the hair, don't mince matters, it is neck or nothing for him and for you; throw yourself on your back, and drag him backwards;

kick out, and you will have no difficulty in dragging the heavy and helpless body after you, and you may gain the civilian's Victoria Cross, for so I may call the Humane Society's medal for saving life, the most noble decoration a Christian can aspire to.

All this Selwyn kindly taught, and showed how it was feasible; but he went far beyond this as a feat, which, though often attempted, was never, I believe, achieved by any of his pupils, that was—undressing *under* the water. I remember there was a great concourse one evening at Upper Hope. Notice of what was going on was given to friends, and friends told other friends, and we little fellows crept in amongst the crowd unchallenged, though, at any other time, it was forbidden ground to lower boys.

Selwyn took a deep header and came up with his shoes in his hand; he took another header with a dive and had got rid of his trowsers; and then a third and came up with his light coat on his arm. There was not any real good in this feat, it was simply a triumph to show the teacher's pre-eminence.

Some years after this, I had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of the great swimmer whom I had looked up to with awe and admiration, and it was in a peculiar place and under peculiar circumstances. Selwyn, after taking his degree at college, came back to Eton as private tutor to the present Earl Powis, and he was of course the leader of everything relating to swimming.

He was the president of the so-called Philolutric Club, whose members—masters and private tutors and any passing friends—used to meet every whole holiday morning at the weir, and, according to one of their rules, had to be each on his own particular post a few seconds before eight, and, at the last stroke of the clock, all took headers into the gurgling stream. I, who had left Eton a few years, was on a visit to my friend Abraham (afterwards Bishop of Wellington), who took me to bathe, put me, as a stranger, in the place of honour next to the president, and formally presented me as we stood on our posts *au naturel,* prepared for the great simultaneous plunge. Selwyn had pulled out one of the sluice-gates to let the water rush, and

to give him room to swim through, and, as we all jumped in headers from our posts into the whirling pool below, he took his header from the cross-bar *up stream*, and then swam down the fall.

A curious incident occurred in connection with this. Thirty years afterwards, when I had returned from a long residence abroad, and was settled in a living in Lincolnshire—when the Bishop of Wellington had finished his career in New Zealand, and was coadjutor to his old friend who had become Lord Bishop of Lichfield—those two bishops came to Nottingham to consecrate the first bishop-suffragan of that place, and I attended the ceremony as chaplain to Bishop Abraham. When we took our places at the banquet afterwards, the Bishop of Lichfield came late, and, by some unaccountable omission, no seat had been reserved for him. Bishop Abraham beckoned to him to come up to our table, and said to me, 'Make way for the Bishop of Lichfield between us.' I was then formally presented a second time, and I reminded his lordship that the last time we had met, and had been at the same close quarters more than thirty

years before, we were standing on our respective posts at Eton, waiting for the clock to finish striking before we plunged into the gurgling water below the weir.

His lordship said he remembered the incident well, and added, 'I hope you took a good header.' I said I did my best, but could not hope to compete with him who had jumped up stream and then swam down the weir. It may well be supposed that we three Eton men together had a very pleasant dinner, with our old school, and old reminiscences of Keate's time, to talk about.

I believe Selwyn's instructions were carried out, and, I hope, successfully, in many parts of the world. I can answer for a round dozen of old and actual Eton fellows, who, a few years afterwards, endeavoured to inculcate them at Geneva, where we passed some weeks together in the summer.

We formed a philolutric club and made our rules, but the difficulty was how to carry them out. The authorities were so chary of the lives of natives and strangers that they would allow no bathing except at fixed times and places, and under due 'surveillance.'

The town provided and made a good deal of money by stationary swimming-baths, deep enough to take a header at the top and sloping downwards for those who could not swim. The water ran through them bright and clear, and really they were very nice for those who wanted supervision, barring the company, which was often too numerous, and barring also the fact that you often saw one or two at the bottom of the bath who came not for the pleasure of a daily plunge and swim in hot weather, but for the purpose of a good wash now and then, for which they coolly brought their cakes of soap and lathered themselves all over. Though they and their fellows kept all together at the lower end of the bath, it was not a pleasant sight, because, where there is a stream, there is always more or less backwater, and the operation interfered with the cleanness of our water in the upper part, and gave us feelings, which we could not satisfy, of the wolf and the lamb. We could not stand this, and after a time we found exactly the place to suit us. It was a large rock standing out of the lake in about fifteen to seventeen feet of water, some way outside

the wooden barrier forming the so-called harbour, and some way from shore, not very far from the road, but in a part where there were no buildings to overlook us. A few years ago the rock still existed, but I was told it was enclosed within the enlarged harbour and was overlooked by houses. Perhaps by this time it may have been blasted and removed from the course of steamers. We consulted our maître d'hotel about making it our bathing-place, but we got no encouragement from him; it was 'impossible, dangéreux, défendu,' &c. We determined to take the bull by the horns, and go straight to the Maire with a formal petition. We chose a deputation, some who, we thought, would make the best bows and had the smoothest tongues. We sent in our cards (we had a lord amongst us) and begged for an audience. We were admitted at once and stated our case before the grand seigneur in the best French we could muster.

We explained our club and our object; we put it upon philanthropic grounds. We were willing to teach any, who would honour us, how to undress in the water, and so to put them in

a way to save their own or any fellow-creature's life in case of emergency. We begged to have this open rock granted to us as a suitable bathing-place, subject to any restrictions they might be pleased to impose as to hours, and to any fee which the commune might fix for the official permission. Our civility and due deference to authority was met with counter civility, —as indeed I have invariably found to be the case in many different countries where I have traveled—and in my humble opinion the independent English swagger is generally the cause of the reports sent to the *Times* of official rudeness. No doubt foreigners are touchy, but, if we go to their countries, we must not only conform to their rules, but respect their peculiarities.

The Maire in this case seemed to approve of our application, said he would send an official to inspect the place, would then lay our request before the town council, and give an early reply. Then he bowed and we bowed, shook hands à l'Anglaise, and departed. The next morning we were invited to meet an official at the rock, and both boats arrived at the time appointed. After mutual salutes,

the cock-hatted, broad-belted officer told his boatman to pull round the rock, scanned the whole locality with minuteness as if he had never seen it before, dropped a lead into the water to measure the depth, and, finding it from fifteen to seventeen feet, gave us, we were afraid, a very ominous Burleigh shake of the head, but said not a word.

Then he gave the order to be rowed to the shore, and he was evidently marking the distance from the high-road. Back again he came to us, took out his book, made some notes, and apparently a sketch of the rock. From the beginning to the end he exchanged no word with us, and, with the stiffest salute, gave his order to be rowed home. Two days afterwards he appeared at our hotel with a large paper duly stamped with the official seal. The permission was granted 'to bathe on the rock from eight to nine in the morning. As the water was deep, the persons making use of the permission were to have some cramps, fixed all round with ropes hanging down to the water, for the assistance of any who might be exhausted or suddenly seized with illness. The commune

would not be responsible for the lives of the bathers.' The 'permis,' if my memory serves me right, cost, after all this official routine, for the stamp half a franc! The stiff official himself did not seem at all insulted by the offer of a forty-sous piece for himself.

We carried on our club during the whole summer. It was amusing to see a little flotilla coming out every morning a few minutes before eight from hotels and pensions on both sides of the harbour and both sides of the lake, all meeting at the rock clad in washing-suits, all taking places on some projecting crag, motionless for a few moments like so many penguins, till the signal was given, and then taking simultaneous headers in our clothes, and getting rid of them as we could. Then we threw in our hard-boiled eggs and white stones large and small, got on our crags again and went down perpendicularly, but it was not always that we brought up a prize. If we made a bad shot the first plunge, we had little time to feel about, and only just breath enough to tread upwards as quick as possible. We used to have sweepstakes and prizes, and by degrees it was aston-

ishing how we learnt to hold our breath, and then from our experience, and I may say improvement, we were brought to believe in many stories of the divers in the pearl fisheries, which we had heard, but had all been very sceptical of the truth.

One prize took us a long time to recover. It was a valuable gold ring that had slipped off the finger of one of our party. We could see it as plainly as possible in the clear blue water, close under the rock; but when we got to the bottom, had made our first grab and missed, and had stirred up the sand, we were obliged to come up to the top for breath, wait till it had settled, and then—'try, try again.' After some days, to the delight of the owner, the arm of one of the party appeared before the head, holding up the trophy on the top of one of his fingers—no small triumph in seventeen feet of water. We carried on our regular full meetings in all weathers for many weeks; some few remained, kept them up for months, but no native ever came near us to learn or even for curiosity, though of course the mad Englishmen's swimming club was talked about in all

hotels and pensions; but the fact, I believe, was the bathing of the generality of natives was more for business than for pleasure. It was a wash once a week with a bit of soap, and they got that cheaply by 'abonnement' at the baths, or for nothing, at certain times, on the shore. To come out to us entailed a boat and trouble, time and expense.

Once, when they wanted us, they sent an express boat to the rock. A man had fallen in, and, being no swimmer, was carried by the swift stream down to the chain and wooden barrier and disappeared. Stripped, and only in bathing costume, three of us soon got there, ready to plunge in, and in high hope of saving life. Four strong arms and two pair of sculls could easily stem the stream, and we kept the boat's head well up, letting it float gently down stern foremost, while one knelt and scanned with eager eye through the beautiful clear water from one side of the harbour to the other, but nothing could be seen, and, curiously enough, nothing was ever heard of the body. It must have been washed between the piles, and carried down to the Rhone, and so on and on, and

either have been food for fishes, or—if at last found floating in some town miles down, it would have been put into their morgue for a day or two, and, when unclaimed, have been sent to the hospital. There were no railroads or telegraphs in those days, and little communication with France a few miles below the frontier; and so no wonder an unknown man disappeared from the face of the earth, for there were no local newspapers to tell the tale.

The members of our club dispersed by degrees, some back to old Eton after their holidays, better qualified to carry on their great leader's swimming exploits, and some, like myself, to work the diving and undressing in most of the lakes and rivers and seas from Christiania, and Stockholm, and Copenhagen in the north, to Como, and Naples, and Malta in the extreme south. There was always an amicable rivalry in the baths, but Eton mostly carried the day, especially in diving: thanks to Selwyn and his original training. Many, I am sure, could supplement my facts, and tell of his swimming feats, as I have heard them from his old colleagues in New Zealand and Melanesia.

I must not close my chapter of our swimming club without mentioning a little incident that happened at our last meeting upon the rock. I think it will show that Eton boys then were in one way pretty much as Eton boys are now, high-spirited young fellows, full of fun, with a keen sense of the ridiculous and an innate hatred of cant and humbug.

A carriage-and-four arrived one evening at the Hôtel des Bergues (there were no railways at that time), where two of our friends were staying, after all the too-tooing of the postillions through the street—customary at that time to summon the natives and all the establishment of the hotel to witness the arrival of some grand personage, as all were then considered who travelled with private carriage, four horses, courier, and lady's-maid. Here there was double reason, for the carriage contained two 'grandes dames,' two ladies' maids, and two lap-dogs! They turned out to be two old noble ladies, spinster-aunts of our friends, who had good private fortunes, who enjoyed the world in their way all the year round, both in country and town, and who, after the season,

always took enjoyable trips through the most enchanting scenery in Europe, with affluent means to gratify their slightest whim, with due attendance to save them from any trouble, and with a couple of lap-dogs full of tricks to save them from ever being dull. And still they abused the world, and all its temptations and all its pleasures—barring their own.

They had peculiar ideas of mirth and jollity, and would always check them, even in the young; and they seemed themselves never to have been young. They were very good in their own conceit, and always wished to make their nephews real good boys, upon lines very different from those which *they*, bounding in health and spirits, laid down for themselves. They thought it right to curb the lads' buoyant spirits, by warning them of the vanity of all things here below, and the consequent necessity of greater thought and seriousness and gravity of demeanour than the two young brothers were accustomed to show. They were surprised to find the lads at Geneva without any supervision, and they took the opportunity of cautioning them against the frivolities of

continental cities. They were sorry they should not see them the next day, as they were going by the first boat in the morning round the lake, and as the lads were going to start the other way, upon their return home, they took leave of them with the stiffest of kisses, and with a very moderate 'pouch,' which they thought sufficient (money being 'the root of all evil') for Eton boys of eighteen and nineteen going back to school.

The coins, from such aunts, would almost have been an insult to little fellows going to their first private school; but our friends were too much of gentlemen to resent it. Still they were equal to the occasion, and planned their revenge. The next morning they met us as we were going to the rock, and gave us charge of their bundles of clothes. They themselves went to the office, and took tickets by the boat for the first stopping-place. They greeted the old ladies as they came up, and said they had decided to go a little way with them, as they wished to have some more conversation on the subject referred to the night before. The boat started, and they put on a solemn tone. They

had thought this matter over seriously, and they were convinced that all *was* really 'vanity and vexation of spirit'; that Shakespeare looked into things too truly when he said that, 'Stale, flat, and unprofitable were all the uses of this world.' They felt they had sown wild oats, and they were determined not to wait for a crop; they had made up their minds. They had come to wish their aunts 'farewell, perhaps a long farewell.' They hoped to meet again; they did not presume to say where (the boat was steaming past our rock), but 'best friends must part; so good-bye;' and with that they jumped upon the bench and railing, and plunged into the lake.

The spinsters screamed; the other ladies followed suit; the captain roared, 'Man overboard! Stop her—back her. Down with the boat—life-buoy.'

The young melancholy lads came to the surface, threw themselves on their backs, kicked out, kissed their hands to their aunts, roared with laughter, and swam off to us, who set up a cheer, while six of the 'Penguins' took headers off the rock and escorted them back.

The captain—sensible man—for a wonder, as a foreigner, saw the joke and steered on. Boys will be boys, and these were only eighteen and nineteen, and so still boys!

CHAPTER XXII.

GAMES.

PROVOST OF ETON—KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH—BOATING—STEERER IN FANCY DRESS—GEORGE CANNING SITTER—HIS OPINION OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS—FLOODS—TALLOW WEIGHT—BOATING IN THE FLOODS.

THE Provost of Eton in Keate's time—noted no doubt for many things with which I have no concern—was particularly noted for a repartee to William the Fourth.

Our sailor king, who, from his career in those times, had not acquired any academical knowledge or refined manner of expressing himself, said at a court-party to which the provost and Keate had been invited, addressing the former and nodding his head to the latter, who was standing near,

'When you go I shall make him you.'

Upon which the worthy old provost answered, with a stately bow,

'Pardon me, sire, I could not think of going before your majesty.'

The provost was also noted for his reference to the games and lessons of the boys: 'Happy boys, they have their games of all sorts. They have their playing-fields for their cricket and football; they have their walls for their fives; they play at hockey, and—I have heard—they go out in boats;* and, in the intervals, they learn some lessons.'

The provost might perhaps have had in mind some other amusements, not so legitimate, up town and out of bounds, of which probably he had an inkling; for really his list, which, some are good enough to think, gave us good licence, was nothing compared with that recorded in an old MS. of one hundred years ago. There the following list of games is given: 'Cricket, fives, shirking walls, scrambling walls, bally-cally, battle-dore, peg-top, peg-in-the-ring, goals, hop-scotch, heading, conquering-lobs, hoops, marbles, trap-ball, steal-baggage, puss-in-the-corner,

* Boats were not allowed, though winked at.

cut-gallows, kites, cloyster and flyer gigs, tops, humming-tops, hunt the hare, hunt the dark lantern, chuck, links, starecaps, hurtlecap'!

These, if carried out when the school numbered only about three hundred, might well have interfered with scholastic routine, and really given very little interval for the boys to learn their lessons.

The provost put cricket and football first; but whatever my private opinion may be of those two games, of which I may have some right to speak, I must admit that the first place of honour was always given in my time to the boats. The captain of the school and the captain of the oppidans had of course a certain prestige, but it was a prestige of position; the captain of football and the president of the debating society were certainly 'swells,' and had some personal prestige, but *the* great man 'facile princeps,' in the opinion of the school, was the captain of the boats, and the little fellows looked upon him with awe and generally gave him credit for being the cock of the school also.

Boating, I think, was the favourite amusement amongst the majority of the new fellows.

The novelty of the thing carried the day with many. They had no river perhaps at their private schools, and none in the town or county where they lived, and into the cricket-field they had probably been forced, wet or fine, against their will, and so had been disgusted with the game. They were glad to find themselves free to choose their own sports when they came to Eton, and many immediately took to the water.

This was exactly my case. I had no opportunity of boating in my early days—I had worked cricket from the time when I was little taller than the stumps. A boat was a grand idea. There was no 'passing' then, no necessary part of the school before you could become what is now called a 'wet-bob' (a name not coined in our time). Any little fellow might have a boat, if he could afford it. I had an offer from two friends who had invested five guineas for the half in a 'lock-up,' with two pair of sculls, a pair of oars, and a rudder. They wanted a steerer, and let me—as a little fellow—in cheap for the odd guinea. So I invested in a straw hat and blue jacket, and took my place at the lines. Of course at times, when

either of my colleagues were tired, I had to pull, and when one only would come out, I had to take the second pair of sculls, and so I learnt the use of the oar and the sculls, but steering was then my 'spécialité,' and it stood me in good stead, for, having been coxswain in the lower pulling sweepstakes, and having got a good place after a fair bump round Lower Hope corner, I was invited to take the place of a friend of mine, the steerer of one of the lower boats, who had fallen ill. Week after week passed, and the poor fellow could not come back to his post. He had steered on the 4th of June, dressed up in a green velvet fancy-dress according to the custom* of that time, and he had hoped to have come out again on Election Saturday; but the doctor refused permission, and, as soon as he could be moved, sent him home for change of air. I was then continued in office for the grand day. The dress fitted exactly. What I represented I do not remember, but I remember it was all paid for, and I had no expense, though

* This continued to 1829, when the steerers took to naval uniforms.

all the fun. The ill wind to my friend blew me good, and, though I did not actually stand in his shoes, I stood and steered in his clothes, and, though it was in the last boat, I was probably as proud or prouder than the captain of the ten-oar himself.

I forget the year, but I think it must have been in '25, for I well remember to have seen and helped to cheer George Canning, who went up sitter in the ten-oar. He was then Secretary of State, and the enthusiasm of the boys was very great at being honoured by the presence of one of Eton's most distinguished 'alumni,' whose opinion, as many of them knew, had been publicly expressed and duly recorded as follows:

'Foreigners often ask by what means an uninterrupted succession of men, qualified more or less eminently for the performance of parliamentary and official duties, is secured. First, I answer (with the prejudices, perhaps, of Eton and Oxford) that we owe it to our system of public schools and universities. From these institutions is derived (in the language of the prayer of our collegiate churches) "a due supply of men fitted to serve their country in Church

and State." It is in her public schools and universities that the youth of England are, by a discipline which shallow judgments have sometimes attempted to undervalue, prepared for the duties of public life. There are rare and splendid exceptions, to be sure; but in my conscience I believe that England would not have been what she is without her system of public education, and that no other country can become what England is without the advantages of such a system.'

And again at one of the Eton dinners (why have they been given up?) our then Eton premier declared, amid enthusiastic applause, that, 'whatever might be the success in after-life, whatever gratifications of ambition might be realised, whatever triumphs might be achieved, no one is ever so great a man as when he was a sixth form boy at Eton.'

In return for this well-known approval, from the open throats and from the very hearts of five hundred boys, big and little, came bursts of enthusiastic cheers, which, we will hope, were as fully appreciated by the great minister as any applause from his own party in the Commons House of Parliament.

One peculiar sort of fun with a boat we used to have in the first 'half' of the year in the 'snowy, flowy, blowy' season when the floods were out, which in those times happened, more or less, every year—I suppose from deficient drainage, sewers, and outlets compared with present arrangements. I have particular reason to recollect a flood the first half I was there. The water ran in a stream down town to Barnspool two or three feet deep: boats were used to supply the houses with necessaries; a planking was raised of three boards for foot passengers, just broad enough to allow two to pass by the help of a sort of balustrade which ran on the side of the houses. I, a new boy, had just squeezed by a dirty-looking fellow with a basket whom I did not know, but soon found out to my cost. 'There's that beast Tallow Weight,' said my friend; 'halloa after him.' He was the son of the grocer who lived opposite college, a worker in the shop, and very oily, and a constant butt of the lower boys' wit. He was very irascible, and, if he could catch a little fellow apart after an insult, he was sure to give vent to his rage in no very pleasant manner. I

am afraid the boys—no credit to them—generally trusted to their numbers before they began to bait. I knew nothing about this, and I have no doubt my friend thought it fun to throw a dangerous joke upon a new boy. 'Tallow Weight,' I cried out, as directed. 'Tallow' quickly saw there was no possibility of some young hornets surrounding him, and so he pushed by my friend by help of the banister, swung his basket round at me, and knocked me into the floods. I had no defence. 'Served him right,' was perhaps in some sense a just verdict, but it was not judicious to take the law into his own hands. The hornets did not forget the act of violence in return for 'words,' and they secured to themselves a new member of their body in any future act of retaliation.

The next year I took part in the real flood fun. Though there was no 'passing,' common-sense told us not to go where there was a chance of being upset till we could swim. So that was the great object at the beginning of the first summer, and those who wished to boat generally made quick work of it.

We had to pay our own cad-teacher, and so

the *argumentum ad crumenam* was a great stimulant to regularity, and we never missed our visit to Cuckoo Weir for our lesson, two and—school-business and weather permitting—three times a day, and a few weeks were generally sufficient to qualify us for our private 'pass,' which was a shove overboard and a swim to shore. After that we were ready for the flood fun. The waters used to be out deep enough for us to scull all over the meadows from the Brocas to Cuckoo Weir, and even to Keate's lane if we had dared, for they often came over the road and over his driving-gate, so that the only entrance to his house was by the back way.

We used to find, or make, cataracts between trees or gaps of hedges, run the rapids and shoot the falls, come round by the back-stream and do it again. There was plenty of fun and little danger in this, as, in a general way, there was not above a foot or two of water; but there certainly were eddies and deep dips in places, and common-sense told those who could not swim they had better remain on *terra firma.* We were upset and did get a ducking sometimes, but we easily caught our boat, got in again, pulled back

to Bob Tolladay's or Hester's, ran down town, summoned our Jane or Ann, got rid of our wet and dirty clothes, submissively took our blowing-up and threat of being complained of, and —'Richard was himself again.' We thought nothing in those days of a ducking now and then, and of wet and damp clothes continually: perhaps it was according to the old story of the skinning of eels, we were used to it. We were like the labourers: if we got moist, we got dry again. Old Keate was determined the boys should not be coddled, and would allow no great-coats or umbrellas, though he often wore a long dark-blue sort of military cloak over his cassock in bad weather, and always—even in fine weather—had his umbrella under his arm, which he held as a lance before him, a protection, we believed, from boys running against him as he came round corners, by accident—on purpose.

To any plea for themselves, the reply was 'Wet, sir! Cold, sir! don't talk to me of weather, sir. You must make the best of it; you're not at a girl's school.' After this, it is a well-known recorded fact, some big fellows got out one night, procured ladder, pincers, and hammer (a

matter very easily settled for a consideration by help of one of the cads) stole the front notice-board from a girls' school at Slough, and nailed over the doctor's chamber door,

'SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.'

Now, besides the fact of no great-coats or umbrellas, 'no appliances or means to boot,' for keeping out the cold, we had no heated chapel. Of course, on drizzly days we were moist and sometimes really wet, but we sat it out. I have no recollection in my mind of feeling any particular chill in chapel. We had to grin and bear it, and get dry again.

A tender-hearted noble lady, enthusiastic for Eton, where all her brothers and relations had been brought up, and very timid for a delicate only son, a few years after Keate's time, (I cannot think what the little doctor would have said or thought), laid out a mint of money to have the chapel heated; and so the boys now have to thank her ladyship and not the authorities for their present comfort and (?) health.

And, as they are taken care of in chapel, they seem in the present day to take care of themselves. Now one sees little fellows walking

up to a match at cricket with smart be-tasselled umbrellas almost as tall as themselves; with railway rug for their legs and waterproof seat, with a back—forsooth—for their tender spine. Common-sense told us not to sit on the grass if it was wet, and our back bones were not too weak, to stand—if necessary.

Some mammas wonder how we got on at these times without catching 'all the ills that flesh is heir to;' they suppose the sickly boys died. No, they did not. I only remember one boy dying at school the whole time I was there, and that was of a fever which the strongest may catch. The fact perhaps was the sickly and delicate boys did not come; mammas kept them tied to their apron-strings—but little fellows of seven and even six came and always got on well. Though some Peter Simple, new boy of ten, was often fagged up town, with three pence in hand, to get two penn'orth of strap oil, and a penn'orth of pigeons' milk from the irascible Joe Hyde at the sock shop, who kept a strap and laid it on the youngster—if he could catch him—the very little boys were never sent on such errands: they were petted and not

bullied: they met with kind friends, and for them there seemed a special Providence. My friend, Sir John Bligh—who went at six, the merry little fellow, who at ten and eleven used to go up to Long Chamber to be tossed, for the fun of the thing—told me, he never was bullied in his life, and he stayed to be captain of the oppidans, and of the boats and in the eleven, and had an uninterrupted jolly time of it at Eton.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BOATING AND CRICKET.

WET BOBS AND DRY BOBS—AQUATICS' GAME—SHORT LIFE AND MERRY ONE—SOME IN ELEVEN AND EIGHT—GENERAL SIMPSON, C.B.—JOHN TUNNARD, THE LINCOLNSHIRE SQUARSON—'BABY' READ'S FAMOUS HIT OUT OF LORD'S INTO A CAB—HARD KICKERS AND HARD HITTERS—HARD WORKERS AND THEIR PROFESSIONS—'EXEGI MONUMENTUM,' ETC.—ORIGINAL TRANSLATION—CRICKET SIXES—CRABS CUT—OARS BROKEN—SELWYN MAXIMUS SCULLING BEFORE THE WINNING SIX.

BOATING and cricket were the rival amusements during the summer half, and will no doubt always be so. Now, I believe, 'Wet-bobs' and 'Dry-bobs' are quite distinct communities. More strict attendance is required in both parties, and you must be one or the other. Many in our time did both, but naturally few excelled in both. Many had their lock-ups or went up to Surley in their boats on a whole holiday after twelve and six, and played cricket after four. The

aquatics had a special club-ground in the middle of the playing-fields, and a regular game after four. They always turned out a fair team, and generally played—and sometimes beat—our second eleven. It was always an amusing match, for the principle of the aquatics was 'a short life and a merry one,' and they never blocked a ball: consequently the game was very lively, and the scores sometimes fairly good on the part of those who had good eyes, and who—if a little more time had been given to practice and a little more attention to the science of the game—might easily have secured their flannels, but with the divided interest there were few in the eight who got into the eleven. Still I remember three in my time; two I had in my eleven of '32, when we did great things and won our victories at Lord's in one innings over Winchester and Harrow, giving the latter such a beating as they had never had before, having one hundred and fifty-six runs over the one innings.

General Simpson, C.B., of Crimean, and Indian Rebellion notoriety, was one of us, and he was in the eight and also in the eleven at football; and John Tunnard was the other, a Lincolnshire

'squarson,' as they call them: a good landlord and squire, a good hard-working clergyman, and in all things 'a jolly good fellow.' Both, alas, have joined the majority. I only remember one more, and he is still amongst us, 'Baby' Read, noted for having, in a match against Harrow, hit a ball over the paling at the entrance of Lord's, then—before the present buildings were erected—the only barrier to the ground, and having astonished, without hurting, the driver, who was quietly sleeping in his vehicle, waiting for a fare. My old friend, like my other old friend and colleague, John Tunnard, has also, I am glad to say, been a hard-working clergyman; he is just now 'retiring from business,' having—by his own liberality and the help of his numerous friends, during the sixteen years of his last incumbency—restored one church, built and endowed another with a parsonage, and established a school with suitable buildings in his new parish at an outlay of seven thousand pounds. Long may he be spared in a ripe old age to look with complacency on the results of his ministration. God be with him! I like to show that my hard-

kicking and hard-hitting boy-friends proved themselves hard-workers in after-life.*

I am proud also to mention another fellow whom I had the honour to command in the cricket-fields and at the wall, and was always glad to choose on my side as a good hitter and kicker—that is, my Lord of Liverpool. He gave good earnest in his youth of the bold and straightforward course which he fully realised afterwards during his noted hard-working rectorial career which won him his bishopric, and which stands him in good stead now while he holds his own, often under very unpleasant circumstances, when many of that party who have sworn to obey their Ordinary, seem to have forgotten their vow at ordination and really set their spiritual master at open defiance.

* I was glad when I wrote to compliment my old friend on his success, and I said he might make his own 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius.' His reply, as strictly referring to Keate's time, seems to me too good to be omitted. 'Your answer reminds me of a story I heard from one of Keate's pupils. A certain lad, J—— by name, was called up in Horace and construed "Exegi," I have eaten; "monumentum," a monument; "perennius," harder; "ære," than brass. "Oh, you have, have you," said the doctor, 'then you'll stay afterwards and I'll give you something to help you to digest it."'

I am glad to pay my tribute of respect to Bishop Ryle, scholar and athlete, good muscular Christian, captain of Eton eleven, 1834, Craven scholar, First-class, and captain of Oxford eleven, 1837. There, my young friends, is one of our finest specimens—follow him—honour him!

Immediately after the match of the Aquatics against the second eleven, there was always a pendant to it, if it may be so called, in the cricket sixes. The two oldest hands of the year before tossed up and chose their crews after four, and they had to pull without any practice after six. The course was only up to Upper Hope and back, but it was difficult enough to get there—all went pretty well to Lower Hope, but the stream with its turn there was a teaser.

The strength of the crews was giving way; crabs were caught, oars were broken, and as the time to which they pulled was one, two, three, four, instead of 'now then, now then, all together,' it is not surprising that backs were also broken, or at least were said to be, and drew out violent objurgations from some of the crew,

and halloas from coxswain and deriders on the bank, 'Keep stroke, keep stroke.' Lower Hope was often the end of the race for one boat, which could do no more, and turned tail and waited for the return of the winner, which, not being pressed by any adversary behind, now slowly breasted the stream and turned round the winning pole at Upper Hope; then of course all went swimmingly, for that was just what it was, a gentle pull was all that was required to keep the boat straight, the stream did the rest, and the boat glided quietly home, keeping up a little spurt for the last, and followed slowly by the others, who merely paddled after them at a respectful distance to show that there was no pretension to a race.

When they got in there was no jeering over the vanquished but loud hurrahs when they showed their blistered hands; they had done their best, they could do no more; that was fully appreciated, and the crowds on the bank gave them the cheering credit—perhaps with a little laughter—which they deserved.

I do not remember the minutes of the race —we had no Benson's stop-chronometers or

telegraphic signals at that time—but the pace certainly was not exceptional or worthy of particular record, for I do remember that Selwyn Maximus, afterwards the noted Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, sculled in his wherry all the way down before the winning six, taking it easy!

CHAPTER XXIV.

MATCHES AND SPEECHES.

MATCH FROM OXFORD TO LONDON—DETERMINATION TO ROW TO RICHMOND—ASCOT RACES—FRIENDS' DINNER—A POUCH—ELECTION MONDAY—SPEECHES—VARIOUS WAYS OF GETTING HOME—COACHES, CHAISES, HORSES AND TANDEMS—OUR OWN BOAT AND PICNIC—REAL HABANOS—EFFECTS—SAFE ARRIVAL AT HOME.

My colleague in the lock-up skiff—or 'tub,' as I believe it is called in these times—had watched with me the eight go by in the noted match that was rowed against time from Oxford to London. I do not remember the exact hours of the feat, but it came into our heads that we should like to enter upon a minor feat, and pull, if not to London, at least to Richmond. Why should we not go home that way on Election Monday, instead of three in a post-chaise, or eight, as was the squeeze on these occasions, in

the lumbering old six-inside coach? We both happened to have plenty of cash to supplement our regular journey money. We had lately been well 'pouched' at Ascot, and I like to record this of some kind friends who always came to the races, always asked about a dozen of us to a capital dinner, and always, when dessert came on the table, shelled out, by the hand of the president, a sovereign a piece on every plate of strawberries and iced cream handed round with a glass of Curaçoa after dinner. These three hosts were not even near relations, only distant cousins of some of us, but great friends of our respective fathers, and Eton men to the backbone, and they knew well what pleased Eton boys. I sincerely hope, if there are any of the boy-party still alive, they feel as much gratitude as I do, and honour the memory of such friends to this day.

We were thus able to carry out our idea. We intended to have a long pull, only it was not for business or κῦδος, but merely for pleasure. We were going to take it easy. We engaged a cad to come with us to scull when we were tired, and to take the boat back; we

invested in a small tin article called a 'despatcher,' with apparatus for boiling; in a gipsy triangle for roasting; we laid in provisions of all sorts: some portable soup; veal and ham pie, which was made by a 'lady' up town on whom we could depend, and be sure 'it was not made of kittens;' a duck uncooked, which we meant to roast to a T to our own taste; a good supply of broad beans, as green peas were exhausted; cucumber, and other vegetables; tarts and tartlets, open and closed; cakes and fruit; plenty of the best ingredients for shandy-cap and cider-cup, and last, not least, but rather fatally, that supposed necessary *then* for an Eton boy starting on his holidays, some very large real (?) Habaños, tied up with blue ribbon and stamped with the maker's name. All these, which we carefully packed ourselves, filled a formidable hamper for Billy Fish to stow away in the head of our boat, which he was to bring to the wharf at twelve o'clock, and wait for us.

There used to be speeches on Election Monday, then the great day of the year, with the same select company that now admires and applauds the young actors and orators on the

4th of June. All the boys, then a few more than five hundred, were obliged to pass after absence, to make a show, into the upper school, and were crowded together below the middle desks and on the stair-landing, under the supervision of masters, almost as thick as herrings in a barrel. At twelve o'clock a colleger—

'*Ἥρως Ἀτρείδης ἐυρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων*,

and an oppidan—

'*ποδάρχης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς*,'

came forth from their respective sides, and immediately after the first words were spoken, '*Μάντι κακῶν*,' with due indignation, there was a general 'stampede,' which crushed all other sound, a cheering and hurrahing which kept the rival chieftains looking daggers at each other for some minutes, and prevented them from uttering an audible word. Even after this, the speeches were carried on under difficulties, for there was a continuous uproar and shouting, and hallooing and squabbling and screaming on the long walk for half-an-hour before five hundred boys could get packed into their various vehicles, and were well off for their different destinations.

No one of these times, when the boys get away gradually from early morn, can have an idea of the *mêlée* of our times when all left on Election Monday at the same moment, or rather wished to get away at the same moment, when every coach, every post-chaise, every dog-cart, every vehicle of any sort from Windsor and from Eton were crowded together, without any supervision of police, along the whole road from Barnes' Pool to Western Yard, and all were rushing and jostling according to the screaming of the basses and trebles to call up what they thought to be their own carriages with their own peculiar baggage.

Just beyond Spiers' Corner*—out of sight, and then out of bounds—were horses waiting to take some of the swells away for their holidays, and in a few minutes they came from their houses—to the astonishment, perhaps admiration, of many eyes—in green, cut-away coats, with brass buttons, white cord breeches, top-booted, and spurred, ready for their ride to London—by the young ones thought a great

* So called from a shop of that name, then opposite Western's Yard Gate.

feat, but, after all, scarcely twenty miles—for which they had sent on extra horses to Hounslow, and so covered their ground in little more than two hours. A little further on, at Willow Brook, and some way down Datchet Lane, one or two tandems were standing, concealed, waiting for some still more venturesome big fellows, who took their chance of most of the masters being in speeches, and the rest probably engaged in their own preparations for departure. We made direct for our boat at the wharf, and found our man waiting there, with our grand basket in the head, which looked like good business in the eating and drinking way.

It was a glorious day, and we took the oars, and, pulling with long and gentle stroke, glided quickly and without labour, to Datchet and Staines and the Bells of Ouseley. Then we gave up our oars, and made our cad scull us quietly along, and nothing could be more delightful. The scenery down the river is such as probably few who have not seen it are aware of. They rush over the hills and far away, and even across the seas, to find, at great trouble and expense, what lies, it may

be said, under their noses, and is to be seen and enjoyed along the towing-path of the Thames.

We began to feel hungry, and looked out for and found a quiet eyot and shady nook, where we landed, and began our preparations for the most important incident of the day. Our 'despatcher' was got out, our lamp lighted, and our broad beans were put in to boil. Our gipsy-triangle was set up, and our duck duly suspended before the fire. We had no patent 'jack,' but simply a string kept twisting by ourselves in turns, a plan we had carried out successfully in our rooms, with many a supper of flesh and fowl so cooked, hung upon a knife stuck between the joinings of the chimney-piece. As soon as the duck began to hiss, and froth, and bubble, we ran our forks in and sucked them, to judge when it was fully cooked. Having satisfied ourselves that it was done to a T to our mutual tastes, we spread upon the grass a feast that Mæcenas might have approved. Having done full justice to it, with several go-downs of shandy-cap and cider-cup, and having fully discussed tarts and tartlets,

fruit, and cake afterwards, we proceeded to—what, of course, we thought the right thing at a picnic—light up two of our royal cigars, and puffed away a good half-hour in pleasant chat, stretched out 'patulæ sub tegmine fagi.'

But if the shandy-cap *ad libitum*, after our hot pull, made us perhaps a little talkative, our long, real (?) Habaños, as we smoked them by degrees, made us silent, and soon hot, and then hotter, with some starting dew-drops, then running down, and then sick, very sick.

We looked at each other. Neither could jeer the other: we were both as white as sheets, and very seedy. We could not say it was the broad-beans that were indigestible, or the cucumbers and tarts that had disagreed. We knew too well what the 'fons et origo mali' really was. It was those confounded Habaños. We were done up for the day; we had no wish to pull again. Fortunately, we had got Billy Fish. We told him to scull. He had made a capital dinner, had enjoyed his short pipe, which he was used to, and had little labour in sculling us very gently down the stream. We rolled up our rugs for pillows, and

lay in the head and stern of the boat, and after a time we slept, and slept through, as he told us, all the most beautiful scenery, and did not awake even at Teddington lock, nor see the charming approach to Richmond. It was getting dusk. We revelled in some soda-water while our post-chaise was being brought out. We slept again all the way to London. To the relief of our beloved parents, we arrived just as they were going to bed.

'Where have you been? What have you been doing? we were so anxious.' They thought us pale, though they did not at first smell the real rat; but after the close quarters of the maternal salute we heard, 'Oh, you horrid boys, you've been smoking.'

We told some of our tale before we separated for bed. The weather had been beautiful, it was a charming way of getting home. On the whole, the day had been very enjoyable. We did not say—as we felt—barring the Habaños!

CHAPTER XXV.

BOATING AND CRICKET AGAIN.

PUNT AND PUNTING—CRICKET BEGUN—BOAT AT WHARF—SWIM TO DATCHET—PREDICAMENT—SWIMMING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—BAD BLISTER FROM BOATING—CRICKET UNDER DIFFICULTIES—NEARLY MISSED THE ELEVEN—SUCCESSFUL AFTER ALL—MATCH OF 1830—NO MATCH IN '31—PROVOST GOODFORD'S REASON.

THIS was my last excursion in our lock-up skiff. The next year I joined a fellow in a punt, and very good exercise and very good fun it was; with two working it, the pace was really very good. It was more interesting than many may think; it was not only no child's play, but real hard work up-stream, and required skill to keep the head straight while each ran by turns from bow to stern and judiciously cramped at the end, which, if not neatly and correctly done by both, would drive the punt in wobbling course,

either into the stream on the one side, or into the bushes on the other. I am told punts are now forbidden and exploded; why, I do not understand, for really they were very difficult to upset, though perhaps considered dangerous on another account, for I have seen and experienced —what often happened more than once to a beginner—a stick of the pole in the mud when you were in full course, and a header into the water in consequence; but after a time you learnt to be careful. Common-sense told us not to go into a punt before we could swim, and then, if we did overbalance and get a ducking, we got out again; it was a mere joke, there was no harm done. The care of the authorities now secures, by the institution of 'passing,' what was left to our common-sense, and so I cannot see what objection there can be to a boy having a punt, which, though more dangerous than our old skiff, mnst be less dangerous than the present outrigger or canoe.

Punting seemed to give me an opportunity of weaning myself from the river, which I felt necessary, as the next year I was to put on the gown, and collegers at that time were

not admitted to boat up-stream. Punting was hard work, and we always had enough of it once in a day, so at other times I could work hard at cricket in the 'Lower Shooting' Fields, of which club I became a member and got into the eleven.

Still I enjoyed myself now and then with a friend who kept a boat at the wharf, and a little incident in one of our excursions is full on my mind now after so many years.

We had often sculled to Datchet; we settled now to swim there. We took a header in at the Oak-tree, and sent our clothes on by my friend in his boat to leave under the hedge in a field just below the bridge. There was no difficulty in swimming the distance down the stream, as of course we could float along if we liked, without exertion; but we had not thought of the time it would take, and, being a cold day, we soon began to feel we were in a predicament. Our friend was gone ahead with our clothes, and we began to 'shiver and to shake.' What was to be done? It was a public road all along the the Little Park wall, and much frequented on a fine summer's evening. We got out and ran,

but as soon as a carriage appeared, or a petticoat came in view, we slipped in again, like frogs into a pond, or we hid under the banks. This was a constant necessity, and a real swimming under difficulties, and it was continued till almost in sight of Datchet. Then we plunged in and made a spurt at the last, being received as heroes, with cheers, as we swam under the bridge.

These were soon turned into jeers when they found us shivering and teeth chattering, and heard the real cause of our delay, and our ignominious dodgings and skulkings by which alone we had been able to complete our pretended feat.

A little scrubbing and rubbing and a brisk run home took away our shivers and stiffness, and no harm ensued, but our tails were not a little between our legs when we were obliged to confess our failure to many questioners who knew what we had undertaken to do, and who eagerly came round us at absence to hear our details.

The second year after I went into college my occasional boating very nearly smashed my ambition of getting into the eleven. My friend's

skiff had been smartened up and I got some paint into a fresh blister which swelled and gathered and prevented all play for a fortnight. Then it was cut open—of which I have still the scar—and I fagged and batted with my hand bandaged up almost all the half in constant pain and always in anxiety as to the result of a choice into the eleven. However, I succeeded in getting my flannels, and played at Lord's in a noted year, 1830, when we were well beaten, but still were almost as proud and happy as if we had won the match. Had the Winchester got one more run we should have had 'one innings' recorded against us. As it was we put them out to get one run. Three maiden overs were given and then the two batsmen held a 'confab' and it turned out as we expected. Had they not laid their heads together they probably would have been successful.

They had evidently settled to run anything that passed the wicket; but our long stop, Parnther, guessed their intention, and crept up a few steps, picked up the ball clean and threw it at the wicket; neck or nothing, no chance if he had thrown it to the wicket-keeper. 'Out'—

one wicket was down; grand cheers. Two more maiden overs, and our bowler, Buller, took a middle stump—frantic cheers—only eight wickets against us. One more maiden over and the run was got and the game won; but the excitement was so great, the triumph so unexpected in getting two wickets, that the real defeat was as nothing. We only wished there had been ten runs to get, and we might have won the day!

The next year, for some unaccountable reason, we had no match at Lord's either against Winchester or Harrow. I cannot remember why. We had a capital eleven, with Bob Hibbert for our captain—the first who came out as round bowler at Eton. We should have been glad of the chance of regaining our lost honour. I put the question about it at Lord's in the pavilion when two of our eleven of 1831 were present, and old Bob Grimston—who knew everything about cricket, and who, though a Harrow fellow, told me every one of our eleven by name when I spoke about this question, more than fifty years after we played—but neither he nor anyone else could tell me why there was no

match. I put it about at Eton on a Winchester and Eton match day, but no one, with many old cricketers present, could explain the matter. Perhaps some were silenced, as I was, by the provost,* who said, 'Oh, George the Fourth had just died in that year.'

They took it, I suppose, as I did at the moment, as Gospel, coming from one who, little as some may think it, was our long-stop (a first-rate one, as hard as nails) in that year. Upon thinking over the matter as I went home, I remembered that George the Fourth did not die in 1831 but in 1830, and I wrote to the provost to that effect and begged him to think of some better reason, but he never gave me any answer.

I put the same question about in the pavilion at Cambridge, and was told 'perhaps the cholera prevented the match,' but I found out afterwards in print that the cholera only broke out in October of that year; and from that day to this I have never been able to make out, and shall be very glad if anyone will tell me, why we played no match in 1831.

* Goodford.

In 1832 we had a chance, and we gave them such a beating at Lord's as, at that time, had never been known before. Our victory over Winchester being in one innings and ten runs, and over Harrow in one innings and one hundred and fifty-six to spare. So we had a sweet revenge, and I had the honour of doing my part and of enjoying our grand triumph.

I may mention a curious incident connected with this match. In the evening my father invited all the eleven, who were not otherwise engaged, to a cold supper at our house, and we gathered some enthusiastic 'light-blue' young ladies and kept up a dance till midnight right merrily.

About fifty years afterwards, a great dinner was given in Calcutta by the civilians and residents to the retiring Lieutenant-Governor. A nephew of mine, Aide-de-Camp-in-Waiting to the Governor-General, was sitting next to a distinguished Judge of the High Court, who knocked a fork off the table with his elbow and caught it as it fell. The aide-de-camp remarked,

'Well caught, sir.'

The judge said,

'It puts me in mind of my old Eton-eleven days.'

The aide-de-camp, looking at him, thought he was about the standing of some of his uncles who had been in the eleven in former years, mentioned their names, and asked if he knew them. The judge said he not only knew one well, and played in his eleven in '32, but he went to a dance afterwards at his house, and was very much taken with one of the sisters, a very handsome girl whom he was fortunate enough to get for his partner a good many times; he should like to know what had become of her. The aide-de-camp asked what her name was. The judge could not remember, but thought he should know if he heard it; she was not the eldest, as he was introduced to her by her Christian name. The aide-de-camp asked, was it M——?

'Yes—that was it.'

'Well, sir,' said the aide-de-camp, 'that was and is my mother.'

This led, of course, to much friendly and interesting conversation; but that has nothing to do with my story, which has something in it

more remarkable still. When Stapylton a few years ago inserted the names of all the elevens at the beginning of his famed 'Eton List,' he received a letter one morning from India from this noted Judge of the High Court, who begged to call his attention to some mistakes in the list of '32—one or two he had inserted who were not in the eleven. Wilkinson of course he knew, and, in connection with him, he remembered going to a dance at his house in the evening, but the omission he had to complain of was of his *own name!* Stapylton sent the judge's letter on to my eldest brother, asking if he could explain matters. My brother replied that he had forwarded it to me as the right man to correct any mistake. I returned it with the answer that 'the judge never played in our eleven at all!' There was an hallucination! It was, I suppose, like the old story of the Prince Regent about the battle of Waterloo. He had recounted this event so often that at last he fancied and asserted he was present himself! I suppose the judge had the same feeling; but one curious point still connected with the story was that in the year '32, when

it was fully impressed on his mind that he played, we beat Harrow by one innings and one hundred and fifty-six runs, but in the year 1833, when he really did play, Harrow beat Eton by eight wickets!

CHAPTTR XXVI.

CRICKET AGAIN.

TEACHES PERSEVERANCE AND ENDURANCE—COURAGE—DECISION—RUN IT OUT—IN PLACE AS LONG-SLIP—ALWAYS BE READY—CRICKET UNDER DIFFICULTIES—CRICKET IN ADEN AND TOMMY ATKINS—'ADAM AND EVE IN ADEN'—'UNWILLING TO LAVE IT.'

WITH all my love for the river and the jolly time I had on it for my five first summers, I still give the palm to cricket; and to my grandchildren, upon going to Eton, my advice always is, 'Get wisdom: get understanding; of course, that is what you go to Eton for; but, with all your getting, get into the eleven also—if you can. That will get you on in the world.'

Boating is a noble, manly pastime. It develops muscle and strength and health, and, if you can manage to 'get into the boats,' you will learn perseverance and endurance, and also

that good quality to carry you through any career, viz., obedience, absolutely necessary before you can command with effect, with judgment, and with firmness in any business or in any profession. You will learn again good-fellowship, and probably make friends who will never fail you through life, but always remain true to the words you sang enthusiastically together,

> 'Nothing in life shall sever
> The charm that is round us now.'

Cricket, I maintain, will equally do all this, but it will do more. It will teach you also courage, and decision, and judgment, and sharpness, and activity. Courage many a wet-bob may have in his heart, but boating will not develop it, cricket will. And this I maintain is the first quality needed to carry a man successfully through life, which, in these times of burning competition, is for everyone—I do not care whether he be statesman or lawyer, or soldier or sailor, or surgeon or doctor, or merchant or minister—a race, a struggle, and a warfare.

If you lack courage, it will be developed; if you have courage, it will be strengthened by

facing a good ripping bowler. We had our Browne—said in print to have bowled through a coat and killed a dog—we had Redgate of Nottingham note, whose balls came as from a catapult; we had our gentleman fast bowler, the 'grand and majestic' (as he has been called), Alfred Mynn, and, be it remembered, we had no pads. You have Ulyett and Barnes, etc., and, amongst the gentlemen bowlers of the year, Toppin and Buxton, and, even with your present armour, you will not stand against them without courage. I often wish, when I see good stalwart men tripping about Cambridge with lawn-tennis—so-called—bat in one hand and half-a-dozen soft balls in a net in the other, that I could induce them to turn round and come to the nets in Fenner's ground and stand up to a good professional. I am inclined to think it would do them good, and test and draw out their courage for the battle of life.

Decision is another quality that will be developed. You must make up your mind what you will do in a moment (how often is this necessary in an emergency of life), when the ball comes almost like the lightning flash from

the swift bowler's hand, and the play is determined backward or forward according to the inch too far or the inch too short in the pitch of the ball. You may learn something also from the beautiful judgment of a long field, the quickness with which a practised eye will judge a 'skyer,' and the activity with which he will run backward or forward as necessary, and the coolness with which—his judgment being once determined—he will immovably wait to catch his ball. The spectators will cheer, but the real cricketer will alone know that the skill required and the applause deserved in the field, hinges entirely upon being always ready, always alive, always having your wits about you. Many a sharp catch at slip is missed by even momentary inattention. A good chance in life may be lost by the same remissness. I always remember the greatest failure in my own cricket life happened one day from not being ready. I was once conducting a match of one county against another. Though there was nothing like the attendance in those times, still there must have been more than a thousand lookers-on and criticisers.

It was in the good old times when there were no boundaries, and 'run it out' was the exciting cry and order of the day. Three sixers had been hit by one of our opponents. I was determined to stop that. I would not trust the chance to another, but would have the κῦδος to myself; so I took myself off from my place at long slip, and ran out towards the spectators. As I got near I waved my hand to go on, and was still on the move backwards to the new place, when the first ball brought a magnificent hit, almost point-blank like a cannon-ball into my hands, and—it went clean through them, hit me on the chest, and fell to the ground! There was a scream of derision! The captain had got exactly what he wanted. and—missed it! Good generalship, but disgraceful execution! The fact was, I was not ready, I was still running backwards. Had I waited another minute until I was steadily in my place before I gave the signal, I have no doubt I should have achieved my object: distance and pace would have mattered little. I was not in the habit of misssing catches, and I feel sure I should have judged and held the ball. As it was, not being

ready, being on the move and running backward caused my failure. I came in for derision instead of applause. It was a joke with a vengeance. To me it was crushing; I did not dare to show my face on the ground during the whole match, and to this day, after more than fifty years, I still feel ashamed; but I mention it as a caution to young aspirants of this day, always to be ready, always to have their wits about them when they are working at Eton for their flannels, for no slow sawney ever got into the eleven, nor, I believe, ever got on and up to the top of the tree in any profession.

Another reason why I give cricket the first place is because boating is, and must always be, a circumscribed pleasure. Cricket is universal; boating requires a river; cricket, one may say, you carry with you in your bag; wherever you go, you meet others with their bags of implements; some sort of a level is found or made, and your game is secured. It is often cricket under difficulties, but Jack Tars and Tommy Atkins carry their national feelings with them, will have cricket of some sort, laugh and make the best of it.

We read of Jack Tars bowling on board ship, and carrying on a sort of cricket on the ice, swathed up in mummy dresses of seal-skin, to break the monotony of stationary duty when blocked for months in the Arctic regions. We read of middies and men bringing out bats and balls, and pitching their stumps, when they have a leisure day at anchor, even on 'Afric's burning shores.' We read of Tommy Atkins carrying on cricket in many a station such as Aden, where, a friend of mine quartered there told me, they laid down a narrow piece of asphalte for the bowling, and fielded upon the patchy, tufty sand; and at Malta, where another friend told me the bowling is the same, on asphalte, and the fielding on the parade, with rough stones.

Good-natured fellows could amuse themselves even at Aden, the worst quarter, I am told, of the British service. How different from growlers in the world at having to live merely in *dull* places, perhaps with many advantages and many blessings! That seems to me to denote a want, if not of intellect, at least of activity of mind and body. I would impress upon my young

friends that they should always try to make the best, instead of the worst, of their destiny wherever they may be thrown in their professions; that they should *make* business, *make* recreation, and find some 'strenuous action,' that 'sovereign remedy of human woes,' of any sort, remembering the immortal words that preach them a good sermon,

> 'The mind is its own place, and of itself
> Can make a Hell of Heaven, a Heaven of Hell;'

that they should cultivate the happy spirit of a Paddy in my friend's eleven, who was always alive, and kept everyone alive, and could make fun of their cricket under difficulties, and amuse himself and others, though he said, 'Bedad, now he had seen the place, he didn't wonder at Adam and Ave being so unwilling to lave the Garden of Aden!'

CHAPTER XXVII.

CRICKET (CONTINUED).

FOREIGNERS AND CRICKET—GAMES AT THE OVAL—COUNTY MATCHES AND COUNTRY MATCHES—ENGLISH CLUBS IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND SWITZERLAND—THE DUCHESSE DE BERRI ON CRICKET—CRICKET IN HANOVER—THE PARSEES AND CRICKET.

It is curious that, while the enthusiastic love of Englishmen is shown everywhere for the old game, scarcely a foreigner of any sort is found to take any interest in it. While fifteen thousand of the rank and fashion of England's 'classes' assemble at the Eton and Harrow match, many, perhaps, for the simple pleasure of a picnic, of seeing and being seen by each other, without any thought of seeing the game, without an idea even of what it means, almost the same numbers assemble the week after for real business on the sixpenny day of the match

of Gentlemen against Players, ranks and ranks of the 'masses' giving up their day's pay and coming early, an hour or two before the time, to get seats, all intently watching and criticising the style of every player on either side, from the great Grace down to the youngest colt from Cambridge or Oxford, or from Ulyett or Barnes down to the youngest professional playing for the first time in the noted match; while more again came together at the Bank-holiday assemblage at the Oval (as was recorded in the *St. James's Gazette* on the 2nd August, 1887) to witness the return match between Notts and Surrey, probably the largest number ever seen on an English cricket-ground. It is said there were twenty-three thousand persons present, without counting members of the club. Every point from which a glimpse of the game could be obtained was occupied.

People remained standing for hours in their eagerness to see. Not only were the banks round the ground crowded, but there was an inner ring of persons standing, sitting, or lying down, from ten to fifteen deep. There the crowd was at its thickest; the scene was a

most extraordinary one, and the play was worthy of the occasion!

One point in these national sights must not be passed over, that, with all the numbers and the excitement, and free and loud expression of opinion, there was no excess, no unseemly conduct. A very few policemen were told off to keep order, but their active interference was never called for. Surely this is a noble aim that I urge my young friends to work for, in hopes of being chosen to take part in these stirring incidents of the field, and perhaps to be the heroes of the day; and, besides these coveted blue and red ribbons of the game, there is fun, and interest, and good fellowship everywhere. There are the county matches, and the country matches, and the private games, and even abroad there are English clubs, as I can testify, having played in France, in Germany, in Switzerland, and in Italy; our surprise and regret having always been that we could never get a native to join us, and scarcely ever one to attend from curiosity.

A letter that appeared in *Cricket*, April 29th,

1886, will show the appreciation of our noble game in France about sixty years ago.

The Duchesse de Berri on Cricket.

'Sir,

'As I am probably the only survivor of the two elevens which played before the Duchesse de Berri in the year '26, to which you allude in your last number, and as the match is historical, I should like to set your correspondent right as to what actually occurred.

'Her Royal Highness was anxious to see "an English Cricket," and sent an aide-de-camp to our club at Dieppe to signify the same. Accordingly we sent to England for a relay of cricketers to supplement our club, and made up two decent elevens. The day was fixed, and Her Royal Highness arrived, with her suite, *en grande tenue*, at our pavilion, where she had prepared for us a sumptuous repast. The game of course began punctually, and a wicket or two fell. When we had been playing a full half-hour, an aide-de-camp rode up, and requested us to *begin*, as it was hardly seemly

to keep Her Royal Highness so long. Of course explanation followed, and Her Royal Highness laughed heartily, being of a merry disposition; but I observed that she "stole away" from the field very shortly, leaving us an excellent lunch, with champagne, &c. I remember that Jack Willan (who afterwards drove the "Brighton Age") was my captain, a fine, stalwart fellow and hard hitter.

'I am, sir,

'Your obedient servant,

'R. H. W.

'Eton Eleven, '28. Cambridge, '30.'

I can answer for the feeling of Frenchmen at Tours, where we had a club a few years later. They shrugged their shoulders, and passed on with, 'Bah! jeu d'enfans!' At Geneva, where we started a club, the natives closed round with more curiosity, and could not be persuaded to stand back, not only to give us more room, but for their own safety. We told them it was a dangerous position, showed them the ball, begged them to feel it; but they were sulky, and would not go back an

inch. 'We were on their ground, on the open Plain-Palais; we were interfering with their right of way.'

We continued to play, and thought one or two hits amongst them would make them look out for themselves; but at last, when one was actually cut over, he immediately went off to the Mairie, and complained of his injury, and that the rights of the people were invaded by 'Ces Anglais' in their ridiculous 'Jeu de Cricquet.'

The result was we had to pay a fine, and the game was prohibited; but, upon our civil remonstrance, the matter was reconsidered. The circulation of English gold was evidently an important matter. We must not be offended, and perhaps driven away by the prohibition of our national pastime. It would be better to make a compromise. So an official 'permis,' paid for of course, was granted at certain hours twice a week, and a pair of tall gens-d'armes were told off to keep us and the people in order.

At Hanover we had a good ground upon a level space on a heath where military manœuvres took place, a little way from the town, and close to some barracks. We had constant practice and

regular games on certain days, but no curiosity was excited, none even of the young officers came out to see us, scarcely a native of any sort patronised us.

We played Eton against the world, and it was duly recorded in *Bell's Life :*

'In spite of scientific play and bowling of Mr. Bass, of Harrow notoriety, the "light-blue" were finally victorious by seventeen runs. The day was lovely, and the ground was graced by the presence of *all* the beauty and *élite* of Hanover.'

All comprised the English resident and a few Nottingham men, who were working at some new mills in the suburbs, and who, with their wives and families, were naturally interested in a cricket-match in foreign parts.

At Naples there was a fine ground, and the play was never interfered with. There was a regular club all the winter. I cannot say I was often there as a player, though often as a spectator on horseback with a party of English, amongst whom was one who had more attraction for me than playing cricket in Italy, and who

afterwards did me the honour of taking me 'for better and for worse.' I only played—as I had always promised to do—on one occasion, when the match was Eton against the world (English world at Naples at that time) and I had—as I had elsewhere—the pleasure of helping to give the world a good beating. I think there was more curiosity at Naples about the game, and more attendance of natives than in any other place where I played, for there were often carriages and even four-in-hands, driven by one of the royal princes and other Italian nobles, on the ground: but that was, as far as I could learn, to compare our game with a bat with their game of 'Palla,' played with a large sort of inflated foot-ball, and struck with the padded fist or forearm, which the natives decided was 'far superior to our cricket!' Of course, I stand up for our game, but I do not in any way disparage 'Palla,' which was a game of skill and force, a game requiring great activity in the player, and causing great excitement amongst the spectators, in which there really was a severe contest between the contending parties, and bullies and

'rouges' like foot-ball, without the ferociousness and consequent danger, as appears to me, of the Rugby game.

The Chinese indifference is probably the greatest, but then ''tis their nature to.' We hear they pass by our game of cricket with the same remark as they make about our dancing, 'they wonder why we don't get our servants to do the hot work for us.'

Perhaps I should mention there is one set of natives, the Parsees, who form a bright exception to the rule, who not only wonder, but try to imitate, and have had professionals over to teach them, and we must give them great credit for their energy, prowess, and pluck in coming over to see for themselves, and learn the national game on the spot. For beginners they did well in their matches, and, though not pitted to stand against the M.C.C., they held their own against clubs of no mean strength, and we must wish them progress and success in future enterprises. The rising generation there seem forward in their civilization in this line, for I have been told that you see little boys at Bombay, naked as they were born, with rough, self-made bats,

three sticks for wicket, and knobs of wood for balls, playing on the sandy plains, chattering in their own unintelligible jargon, but, in anything to do immediately with the game, having all the technical and conventional terms at their lips' end, and in English, such as 'play,' 'go on,' 'bowl,' 'out,' even 'butterfingers,' &c., and as distinct or more distinct than all, that little expletive beginning with d—, which so many foreigners in all parts look upon as the Englishman's 'shibboleth,' and freely blurt out, when in any way they wish to imitate our countrymen. All honour to the favourite national pastime which we strongly inculcate, which is patronised by such aspirants!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CRICKET (CONTINUED).

OLD CRICKET AND NEW CRICKET—CHARLES STUDD AT CAMBRIDGE—THORNTON AND BONNOR—NEW RULES NEEDED OWING TO DRAWN MATCHES—HINTS TO CAPTAINS OF LITTLE CLUBS—RULES SUGGESTED FOR LEFT-HANDED PLAYERS—AN OLD BLUE BEFORE GRACE—LORD HARRIS QUOTED.

I OUGHT perhaps to say a word of comparison between our old cricket and the cricket of the day. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying the present is far more scientific. I do not think, as boys, we could lay claim to any science. There is much more professional 'coaching' now than there was in our day. We really had no instruction, no interference, nor even superintendence of masters, and our *professionals* had not acquired that name. In fact, the fast one was Picky Powell, a bricklayer, and the slow one, old New, the tailor. Both

bowled their best and earned their money, but they were not supposed to teach defence, though by their inferior bowling they taught us to hit; a skyer into Datchet Lane or a drive through the trees to the wharf was our great ambition. Left to ourselves, we trusted to nature and muscle, and to the examples of our friends who had 'professionals' in their clubs, and were good enough to bring down elevens against us; and I maintain for the general company there was more fun than there is now. There were not so many maiden overs, but those, it must be remembered, are only appreciated by the minority who fully understand the game. A good drive over the heads of long field was our delight and the delight of the spectators. Of course many, stepping out for this purpose, were stumped, and many were caught, and so long scores were not so frequent in our books; a hundred was very seldom hit; a short life and a merry one was more the order of the day, and the public in general were more amused. Of course I admit and fully appreciate the more scientific handling of the bat under the teaching of the real professionals of the present day.

I have watched with admiration Charles Studd at a good match at Cambridge get more than a hundred runs, and never give a shadow of a chance—never, in fact, lift a ball unless he knew his space was clear. I go up to town on purpose to see the great Grace, and I could 'kotow' to him to the ground as I mark his scientific play of hand and head at the wicket and in the field, and I delight to learn a lesson of real cricket in my old age, but I must own also that I delight to see Thornton and Bonnor astonish the people sitting at the boundaries—as an 'old hand' I dare not say better, but I do like to see them associated with the safe players, and I am sure thousands and thousands are of the same opinion.

I had the good fortune once to see Thornton hit his first ball on to the top of the pavilion, a second against the brick wall by the side of the balcony of the club-house, and the first ball of the next over to the boundary wall, and then he was caught, and returned amidst immense applause, and, I can conceive, after fourteen in three hits, with as much satisfaction to himself as if the board had registered three figures.

It is a curious fact, of which many perhaps are not aware, but for the truth of which I direct them to Wisden's 'Cricketers' Almanack,' that compared with these times, when we read of the numerous hundreds made by individual players (in one late match three hundred and fifty-four got by the three first wickets), a reference to the above book shows that in all the matches of Gentlemen *v.* Players recorded there for more than fifty years from 1806 there are only *three* instances of anyone getting *three figures* on either side.

For the Gentlemen in 1825, Mr. Ward .	102
For the Players in 1821, Beazley . .	113
,, ,, 1827, Saunders . .	100

The present decidedly scientific superiority of the bat over the ball, and the dissatisfaction in all quarters of so many matches being drawn after three days' play in consequence of the immense individual scores, will, it is hoped, lead to some new rules, not only for the Marylebone Club, but for the aspirants to cricket fame at Eton and the other public schools.

The wonder of the age, to my mind, far above the extraordinary individual scores prov-

ing the science of the bat, is the wicket-keeping of Sherwin and others, the courage with which they will stand up and take the ball and stump a player even against fast bowlers, and the marvellous eye which will enable them to go through an innings with scarcely a bye, and perhaps one or two glorious catches of the ball diverted from its course and coming almost like lightning off the bat. We could admire and be proud of Box and Wenman and Herbert Jenner in olden times, but, according to a common but expressive saying, our men 'could not hold a candle' to the great wicket-keepers of the present day.

Their superiority is unquestionably marked by the register at the matches. Even without any long-stop I read in the *Times* to-day (11th of August, 1887).

Notts,	in an innings of	423,	gaining	7	by byes.
Gloucestershire,	,,	172,	,,	5	,,
Sussex,	,,	263,	,,	9	,,
Surrey,	,,	293,	,,	4	,,

And this, taken at random, is, I believe, a fair average with first-class wicket-keepers.

I take four consecutive innings of the Players against the gentlemen in my time :

Players in '34, in an innings of	168,	gaining	18	by byes.
"	135,	"	20	"
"	96,	"	12	"
"	77,	"	16	"

And then, when Mynn and (a year or two afterwards) Redgate bowled, there was an extra man placed so as to act as third-stop. Some have questioned the pace of our men, and think, as we played without pads, it could not have been so severe as that of the present bowlers; but I think the fact speaks for itself, as one man now (all honour to him) does the work of three, and my authority may perhaps be allowed some weight, for I was that third man in the match in 1834, but very deep to cover long-slip if the ball was hit, and to cover long-stop and to guard the pavilion if the ball was missed, and so I was kept at it all the match and have Mynn's pace fully impressed upon my memory.

Before leaving the subject of cricket, I should like to submit a few words to the captains of sixpenny and other little clubs, and perhaps to captains of school elevens, who of course have influence over their juniors. When I went to Eton, the captain of the club, afterwards called Sixpenny, was a big fellow for his place, and a

great autocrat, and he would not let anyone play left-handed. 'Oh, you be hanged,' and a kick on an uncomfortable place was always the argument if any new fellow began as nature had taught him, and his private school club allowed him to play; 'we'll have no left-handed cads here, you must turn round.' And turn round a little fellow can, and soon learn to play right-handed, as I can testify from experience. I was naturally left-handed, and had played so from a child, but when I took up my position on my first appearance in that style at Eton, at ten years of age, a sudden conversion was forced upon me by the treatment above referred to, and I was very thankful for that kick all my cricketting life. I only wish the sixpenny captains and the captains of the meadow clubs would make the rule and confer with other schools, who would, I should hope, follow suit, and then, when they could submit a few satisfactory cases to head-quarters, the M.C.C. might be induced to take it up, and pass a rule that, after a few years, nobody would be permitted to play left-handed; the nuisance would then be done away, and I am sure everyone in the field

would be glad not be bothered any more by the changes necessary with a left-handed fellow at the wicket. Of course the bowling would remain, as the variety of two or three left-handed bowlers on a side is always an advantage.

I have one more reason to offer in favour of cricket, the last but not the least, that which I have seen called in print its 'comprehensiveness;' including all parties, setting forth the best phase of our growing democracy, 'classes and masses' working together in perfect harmony, peer and peasant meeting in equality, in good fellowship, and friendly rivalry; indeed Stubbs, who has played a grand innings and carried out his bat for a hundred, is often the hero of the day, and far above Lord So-and-So who may have had his middle stump sent spinning for a duck's-egg.

But I will not say more on my own authority, for—as an old blue of Eton and Cambridge for six years, and as a veteranissimo who was in the Eleven of Gentlemen *v.* Players fourteen years before W. G. Grace was born—I may be thought to exaggerate or at least be taken 'cum grano salis.' I had rather quote the words of one of our

best players and most hearty supporters of the noble game whom we are glad to call an Eton Fellow. Lord Harris says (*Contemporary Review* quoted in 'Cricket,' November 26, 1885) in an article, every word of which I commend to the study of my young friends:

'Pastimes serve good purposes in causing the young noblemen and gentlemen of England to rub shoulders with those who are lower than themselves in the social scale, but in the republic of the playground are, perhaps, their superiors, and so force upon the minds of the former a respect for industry, honesty, and sobriety, and any other of the qualities that are necessary to produce an efficient athlete; feelings which, but for these remarkable English pastimes, might never have been developed, or, even if so, would very possibly have been smothered under the weight of self-importance . . . .

'We trust that gentlemen will continue to be the equals, if not the superiors, of the professionals in the cricket-field. Whilst that continues, the game will continue to be the pure game it is; untouched by the lowering tendencies of the betting-ring and its degrading accom-

paniments, it will remain a simple trial of skill and endurance, honoured by those who take part in it, and an honour to the country that has produced it.'

Fully endorsing all this for myself, I must add, in conclusion, that while I give the preference to cricket for the reasons that I have stated, I hope I may not be thought in any way to have decried the other noble pastime of boating. There is, and I trust always will be, room for both; both have advantages enjoyed by no other school; long may they both flourish in amicable rivalry. While the 'wet-bobs'—I hate the word, which was not known in our time—so I correct myself and say, while the boaters have their own spirited song:

> 'Twenty years hence this weather
> Will tempt us from office-stools;
> We may be slow on the feather,
> And seem to the boys old fools;
> But we'll still sing together
> And swear by the best of schools.'

'Why don't *we* have a song of our own,' says a cricketing grandson.

I agree, but I add:

'At all events, you can and do all join heart and voice in your glorious chorus,

'Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat. Florebit.'

I venture to add a word of appendix upon a fact perhaps not very generally known, that the first public match that established the Eton name and prowess on the river was brought about in 1829 by a noted boy, the Marquis of Waterford, 'illustrious for his deeds,' no doubt, but one who was neither captain nor in the eight nor even in the regular boats. He sent a challenge 'on his own hook' to the Westminster to row against his Irish crew and his boat called the *Erin-go-bragh.* He had some difficulty in making up his crew. He had six Irishmen besides himself, but was put to straits for the eighth man. He applied to a stalwart youth whom he believed to be of Irish extraction, and who had proved himself a good oar by winning the pulling sweepstakes.

'T——,' said he, 'will you make up our eight? you're an Irishman, ain't you?'

'No, I'm not,' said T——, 'but my mother is.'

'Oh, that will do,' said Waterford.

The crew was completed; the match was pulled at Putney; and *Erin-go-bragh* won.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AMUSEMENTS OF LONG CHAMBER.

MASQUERADE—TRADITION OF OLD SOW ON LEADS—TENNYSON'S ACCOUNT—DUCKS AND FOWLS FATTENED—DONKEY IN LONG CHAMBER REGALED ON VEAL PIE—EXPLANATION AND CONFIRMATION OF THE STORY—VARIOUS CHARACTERS IN COSTUME—JUDGE AND BISHOP—PUNCH AND MOTHER HUBBARD — DUSTMAN — MUFFIN-MAN — MILKMAID — SCOTCH LASSIE—ITALIAN BOY—NOTED BEGGARS—JEW OLD-CLOTHES' MAN—CASPAR IN 'DER FREISCHÜTZ'—GAMEKEEPER — POACHER — DR. DULCAMARA AND THE BLACKING-BOTTLE—PICKEY POWELL—DONKEY IN CAPTAIN'S STUDY—KEATE AND THE BLACKING-BOTTLE—CRITICAL POSITION—NO DISCOVERY.

MULTIFARIOUS were the amusements in old Long Chamber when the sixth form, the sole arbiters of quiet or row, were inclined to have a bit of fun. Lyte, and the author of 'Etoniana,' both record the story of an old sow being kept on the leads, and fed with the refuse of the suppers, and of her litter being gradually eaten by the self-appointed college cooks. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but it certainly was a

well-accepted tradition in my time, and, from what I know of the locality, I think it was very possible. There was always a loose panel on the stairs, and this very panel was still loose, and evidently—to those who knew all about it—moveable, when I visited Eton forty years after I had left, and I showed it to my young oppidan nephews and told them the story as we went up to visit Long Chamber in its present state, on Election Saturday. There were beams on each side of the shaft, as it may be called, on which the ascent was easy up to the leads, where I have often been, for it was a favourite smoking-place of the big fellows on a summer's night. There was also room in the middle of the shaft for a good-sized lift, and, though no doubt it might have been said,

> 'Superas evadere ad auras
> Hic labor, hoc opus est,'

with a pregnant sow, still there was nothing insurmountable for ingenious, high-spirited young lads, up to any fun and mischief; and, with a wheel and pulley, the precious lady might have been hauled up in a basket without any very great trouble, and so I really was always—and

am still—inclined to believe the tradition rested upon fact. As many of my young friends may not have access to Lyte's book, or to 'Etoniana,' I think they will like me to quote the record as given by Tennyson, our Eton poet, brother of the Poet Laureate, in his 'Walking to the Mail,' which is as follows:

> 'By night we dragged her to the college tower,
> From her warm bed, and up the corkscrew stairs,
> With band and rope we haled the groaning sow,
> And on the leads we kept her till she pigged.
> . . . . . .
> We took them all, till she was left alone,
> Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine!'

The author of 'Etoniana' says further:

'Ducks and fowls were fattened there (on the leads) to perfection by the fags, and eaten with great satisfaction by their masters;' and he adds, 'It is an undoubted fact that a donkey—though with what possible motive is hard now to conjecture, as there would be no hope of suppers from that quarter—was kept in chamber for at least one night, and regaled with the unaccustomed luxury of veal pie.'

It happens that I am able to throw a light upon this mystery, and to establish it as a fact.

Once a year—it was our carnival—there was a high day, or rather night, in college, when a masquerade was held. It was a 'liberty-night,' when the sixth form not only allowed and joined, but were at the head of the fun. Beds were all turned up on end; penny dips—of which every-one, according to his place in the school, had to bring his quota, none less than two—were stuck in their own tallow on all the corners, and they made a grand illumination. For a couple of hours Bedlam seemed to have broken loose. There were penny rattles and whistles and cat-calls and Jew's-harps and crackers, and the cries of different traders in their peculiar dresses. All were masked, and as each fresh one issued, from studies, or from behind the temporary green-rooms, made by nailing blankets and rugs between two turned-up beds, there was a scream of delight, and the new-comer was duly saluted, and was followed by a train of masqueraders speculating upon his identity.

There was a judge arm-in-arm with a bishop in a fluffy 'get-up' meant to represent the old venerable and venerated wigs of those days, foreboding promotion to their respective benches,

which—curiously enough—was afterwards realised; there was Punch and Mother Hubbard and their respective dogs; there was a dustman, of course in the well-known red plush breeches of the day, with his large bell and 'Dust ho!' there was the muffin-man with his little bell and 'Muffins ho!' there was a lower boy dressed as a milkmaid—and a very dapper milkmaid was he—with his worked boddice and short petticoat and his high treble of 'mi-ilk—mi-ilk.'

There was a Scotch lassie with 'herrings, caller herrings;' there was a jolly Italian boy dancing the Tarantella to his 'hurdy-gurdy;' there was a Scotch beggar with his bagpipes and that most excruciating of all music to any but a native's ear; there was a Jew old-clothes man, with four old hats one on the top of the other; in fact, there were the representatives of the traders from the 'Seven Dials' and other back slums, with most of the 'cries of Old London,' and a stunning discord of all kinds of—so-called—music.

But some of course soared higher. There was a trim finnikin sixth-form in green velvet or

velveteen tunic, the orthodox plumed hunter's hat, brown tights, and yellow boots, with long false hair and moustaches (all of which in strict character Barney Levi had supplied from London at a Jewish price), doing Casper in 'Der Freischütz,' with gun slung at his back and a bag of bullets in his hand; and, as a pendant to him, came out of a so-called dressing-room on the other side, a great gawky lout dressed as a supposed gamekeeper, with plush jacket and breeches, leggings and lace-ups which he had hired from one of the cads, and he paraded with gun under his arm; but instead of the jaunty gait of an honest gamekeeper, he, arrant coward as he always was, skulked and sneaked about as if he was always trying to get out of the way of a kick from some big bully, and he was soon spotted, even under his mask, and greeted as 'poacher,' a name which stuck to him ever afterwards in the society of all Eton men, even when, being a very clever fellow as he always was, he became M.P. and held high office as consulting advocate of one of the departments of Her Majesty's ministry. General Bombastes, well got up, and 'Fusbos, Minister of State,' 'preg-

nant with news'-papers, were ushered in with a flourish of trumpets—and such trumpets—and contributed much to the fun and noise. One of my young brothers astonished and amused the natives as he shuffled in, a legless and armless 'blacking-bottle,' then the greatest article of advertisement placarded all over London. He had invested in a wicker cage, over which he pasted thick brown paper, and over that one of the sandwich-men's notices in very large letters, 'Day and Martin's Wonder of the Age—nothing like it;' a large black cork was painted on the top, and ingeniously devised peepholes were inserted between the letters. The only mode of entering the masquerade dress had been to lay the apparatus on the ground and to creep in at the bottom.

This, as you may suppose, created no little sensation. I had lately been at the opera in London, which had then a run of 'Elisir d'Amore.' The mountebank came on the stage with donkey and cart. I got my hint for this approaching masquerade—why should I not do Dr. Dulcamara? I hired my dress with gold braid, three-cornered hat, wig, and pig-tail. I determined

to dispense with the cart, but invested in some old saddlebags which I saw at the pawnbroker's and in sundry odd wares for auction. As to how I got my donkey, 'thereby hangs a tale.'

I entered into negotiation with Picky Powell, our chief cad, who, for a good fee, would undertake to procure anything for the boys, for legitimate or illegitimate purposes. Mine, I thought quite legitimate, and I struck my bargain: he was to bring my animal into the long walk opposite the archway at a quarter to eight, and wait for me. The collegers were not locked up at five in the winter as the oppidans were, but the gates were opened till eight to enable boys to go to their tutors and return, a boy being in office at the door of Long Chamber to register all such 'exits and entrances,' which were compared by the prepostor with the tutors' certificates as to the time of their coming and going.

Keate used to come in at irregular and unexpected times, twice or perhaps thrice between five and eight, when prayers were read, and all were locked up for the night. A little fellow, or rather relays of little fellows, were seated at

the door of Lower Chamber passage wrapped up in rugs, who, immediately the light of the lantern—which Webber always carried before Keate—was seen coming round the corner, rushed into Lower Chamber, gave a hiss, and then ran up stairs and hissed in Long Chamber, and Carter's Chamber. All in our Lower Chamber were of course immediately 'attention' at our studies, and, by the time 'absence' had been called there, all was ready for the doctor's appearance in Long Chamber. On this masquerade night Keate had called absence twice since dark, the second time at half-past seven, and had then gone home, and was not expected again till lock-up time at eight.

At the three-quarters I went out to look after my donkey. Picky Powell was punctual to his time, and after wasting five minutes opposite Keate's lane, and seeing no appearance of the lantern, we thought we were quite safe, and we led the donkey—with the judicious persuasion of a bunch of carrots in front of him—across the school-yard, through Lower School passage and up the steps into Lower Chamber. We had pushed the beast into the captain's study, when

the hiss gave notice of Keate's approach. I had just time to throw a rug to the cad, and tell him to hold it over the beast's head, and to rub him and feed him and keep him quiet, for not a sound or movement must be heard. My young brother was just trying on his dress, that is, his wicker-basket, which was tight, and he could not get out, so the boys shoved him, as he was, into another study and stood before the door. In came the doctor, and we were all 'attention' with a vengeance, for our ears were sensitively on the watch for any sound from the studies. I as captain, called absence, leaving my brother to the last, but when I came to 'Wilkinson, minimus,' an extraordinary answer was given from the inside of his basket, through the eye-holes.

'Here, sir.'

'Here, sir,' said old Keate, 'where, sir, come out, sir,' and 'again that heavy sound broke out once more,' as if some boatswain was giving an order through his two hands at his mouth. 'What's this, sir, come out, sir,' said Keate; and, as there was no appearance, he walked up to the study-door, and there, about the size of his own little self, stood the brown-paper effigy, with

'Day and Martin's Blacking—greatest wonder of the age,' staring him in the face. He seized it by the cork and shook it, crying still, 'Come out, sir, you fool, sir, come out,' and my young brother, having no hands to make resistance, fell forward into the room and crept out at the bottom. Now came my turn—I had to stand my volley.

'What's this, sir? that you as captain allow, sir?'

'Please, sir, it's only a bit of fun.'

'Fun, sir, it's tomfoolery,' and after giving me his mind in no very complimentary terms, which, no doubt, he thought it his duty to use on such an occasion, he strutted out of the door to call absence in Long Chamber, knowing, I have no doubt, all about the masquerade, which had been an annual night of revelry in his own school-days. I might have had something to say in my own defence, but, as every moment was precious and might have led to a discovery of the inmates of the captain's study, which would have caused an explosion with serious consequences, I thought the least said the soonest mended, and remained as dumb as my ass.

I breathed again freely as I saw the doctor disappear. I got rid of Picky Powell, and in due time, when all were dressed and in the midst of the revelry, we got the donkey up the stairs 'with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together,' and I rode my steed as Dr. Dulcamara triumphantly, passed off my wares, and sold my saddlebagful of gimcracks, with due explanation to a very appreciative audience. Afterwards there was a picnic supper, to which all, according to their form and means, contributed their quotas, and the donkey came in for a share of viands that had never fallen to a donkey's lot before. After this there were songs that might have been heard in the long walk, and choruses that made the welkin ring.

Such was one amusement in Long Chamber in the merry days when we were young.

CHAPTER XXX.

THROWING THE CRICKET-BALL AND RAT-CATCHING.

THROWING CRICKET BALL—A GREAT MEANS OF PRESERVING QUIET AND ORDER—COLLEGE PROPERTY NEITHER AIR-TIGHT, NOR WATER-TIGHT, NOR RAT-TIGHT—RAT-CATCHING—NOVEL AND INGENIOUS TRAP—NECESSITY OF SILENCE—WARINESS OF RATS—WARNING GIVEN, THE ARMY FOLLOWS—VERY SUCCESSFUL 'CHASSE.'

THROWING the cricket-ball from one end of Long Chamber to the other was a practice of the big cricketers. The feat was—and it was a good one, for not many could do it—to throw from wall to wall point-blank without touching the ground.

Curiously enough this was a great means of preserving quiet and order. Nobody dared move about, and those who watched were silent; those who were obliged to work at verses, or other lessons to be ready for the morning, learnt, after a little practice, to carry their

concentrated thoughts to their books without regard to the cannon-ball that was continually whizzing past, and as cool as it is reported many learn to be in the field of battle when the real thing is going on. Perhaps this first 'baptism' not 'of blood' but of battery was a good school of coolness for future soldiers or any to be engaged hereafter in critical experiments of other professions.

Another diversion must not be omitted, because, from its mode of carrying out, it was specially, I believe (for I have never seen or heard of it elsewhere), an invention of Long Chamber. The college property at that time, as thought good enough for us boys, was in many places neither air-tight, nor water-tight, nor rat-tight; there were holes through which a troop, at hungry times of the year, used to visit us. They used to come there not by 'twos and threes,' but almost, I may say, 'by swarms,' to feed upon the refuse of the liberty supper, when, besides broken bread and cheese and tart-pastry, etc., bones were also thrown out to attract some victims for our interesting sport. They even scented the bait in Lower Chamber

where the sixth form supped, and crept in, as stealthily as rats only can, to steal the refuse there, and they cleaned up the crumbs as quickly as if Harry Atkins had been there with his broom. It was a curious sound to listen to them in the middle of the night as they came downstairs. A big old rat jumping from step to step sounded like the step of a heavy man.

On special nights, when a 'grande chasse' was to be carried out, a couple of traps were duly baited and set, and these traps were peculiar. Two strawberry pottles were procured and the bottoms knocked out, and an inch or two cut off till they were just wide enough to enable our marauders to creep through easily: the ends were then inserted and tied fast into long worsted stockings, into the toes of which some fresh toasted cheese (always found to be the best bait) had been dropped. The fire was left flickering, and the result was waited for with speechless and breathless anxiety. This silence was absolutely necessary, for rats are the most wary of creatures, and never appeared till an hour after the lights were out and the general snorers proclaimed by their

usual trumpeting that they were 'in the arms of Murphy;' then, at

> 'The very witching hour of night,
> When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead,'

one or two at most glided stealthily forward and nibbled at some broken piece and smelt at the stocking, and, having satisfied themselves that the coast was clear, slunk back again, prompted by some natural instinct, to communicate the good prospect to their friends.

Then the army quickly followed, and after dispatching the surrounding tit-bits, and the apparent deliberation of a council round the stocking, probably considering whether they should worry it at once, some one more daring, or more inquisitive than the rest, crept through the pottle in which we heard him scratching, and the prize was seized.

'Facilis descensus Averni,' but how to get back again, 'that is the question.' The expansive straw had permitted ingress, but egress was quite another matter. When the captive found himself in a trap, and that there were

> 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum,'

then there *was* a game of romps; round and round spun the stocking, up it jumped in the air, and then scuttled along the ground in desperate struggle, then again round and round, and again up in the air. No doubt, if left alone, the rat would soon have eaten through the stocking—but the schemers were now alive on every bed, and up and at the captive. There was a general stampede of the army, but some boys had been told off to stop the holes, and entire escape was impossible; a stick soon despatched the struggler in the stocking, the others tried their luck of hiding under beds and bureaus, and a grand chase took place, for all the boys were alert, and, after half-an-hour's good run, a great many heads were cudgelled and laid low as victims in every hole and corner. It really was glorious fun—try it, some of you young fellows, if you have the opportunity and the necessary patience to abide your time. Rats as well as foxes, are such marauders, that they are fair game.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TOSSING IN A BLANKET.

TOSSING IN THE BLANKET—NOT FORCED—'JEWS'—SIR JOHN BLIGH'S TESTIMONY—'TAFFY' WILLIAMS' AWFUL ACCIDENT—COMPLETELY SCALPED AS WITH TOMAHAWK—MARVELLOUS ESCAPE—HOW THE BLANKET WAS WORKED—LITTLE FELLOWS LIKED IT—GRAND EXCITEMENT.

THERE is one more diversion of Long Chamber which I cannot pass over, as Lyte seems to imply an inference which, from my own recollection and experience. I desire to repudiate. In page 417 we read,

'There was a scarcity of legitimate fags. New arrivals went by the name of "Jews," and had to submit to a terrible amount of bullying. The custom of tossing them in blankets to the line,

"Ibis ab excusso missus ad astra sago,"

was given up about the year 1832, in consequence of an accident which nearly proved fatal to the late Rowland Williams.'

This, I think, would give any reader, unacquainted with the circumstances, to understand that 'the new boys called *Jews*' (I never heard of the title, though I was captain in 1832) were bullied and fagged to be tossed. This I deny, not only from my own recollection, but upon authority which I hope will be taken to substantiate my assertion. It is that of Sir John Bligh, an oppidan some years before my time, but equally, with me, of Keate's time.

Sir John was Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Hanover when I was domestic chaplain to the king. We were very intimate, and fraternized in many ways, not only with the common freemasonry of Eton Fellows and lovers of the old school, but from the somewhat similar positions that we had held, he having been captain of the oppidans and in the eleven of cricket and football, and I having been captain of the school and also in the two elevens. So we always had topics of mutual interest, and discussed our respective times and games and sports and amusements, those permitted and winked at by the authorities, and amongst them the tossing in the blanket; and Sir John told me

that he, and some other young oppidans, used to go up to Long Chamber and offer themselves as volunteers, and enjoyed the fun; and he added that, 'no one, who had not experienced it, could have an idea of the excitement of a good spin up to the ceiling.'

Now after this testimony, which I maintain is conclusive, but which, it may be said, is only my word, I can quote something stronger still, which we have in black and white in the life of Rowland Williams. There, vol. i, p. 6, we read,

'I saw him touch the ceiling,' writes a schoolfellow (still alive) who stood by waiting for his turn to come next, 'which no one had done as yet. His arms were folded and he was enjoying the sport. In another moment he had descended head foremost.' Further we read, he 'was completely scalped as with a tomahawk, the scalp hanging down over the neck and back suspended only by a small piece of skin. The doctor was quickly in attendance. No skull was fractured, nor was there a concussion of the brain; indeed, beyond the pain of having the scalp sewn on again and the natural irrita-

tion of the wound, he did not suffer either at the time or in after life.'

It really was a marvellous escape; by the mercy of providence his skull was not smashed, which must have been the case if he had fallen directly on his head, but he evidently came down slanting upon the very edge of the iron-bound bedstead, and the blow had rumpled back the creased skin with such violence that it split from ear to ear.

This I saw with my own eyes, for I was just going up from Lower Chamber, where I lodged, to watch what all, big and little, thought fun, and I met the poor fellow on the stairs carried down insensible, and the bearers took up the loose scalp to show me what had happened. No one, I believe, knows the actual cause of the awful 'headforemost descent,' but it was said that a big inexperienced lout at one of the corners failed to pull in time and tune to the song, and so sent the 'little shuttlecock' up sideways, and then, instead of opposing his body to break the irregular fall, let go the blanket and stepped back, allowing the poor little fellow to come down upon the edge of the bedstead.

No doubt it was right to put a stop to tossing after such a fearful accident, but we cannot blame the boys, as for many, many years it had been considered innocent amusement, with much excitement, and, as was supposed, without danger, and it really was fun both to the lookers-on and to the boys who consented to act as 'shuttlecocks.'

Mammas, and of course everybody else, were horrified at what had taken place, but I can testify, to the best of my belief, that there was no cause for the outcry of shame which was raised, and which seems referred to by Lyte as if it were the height of bullying to force little fellows to be tossed. I maintain it was not so, but bold little fellows liked it—I am not speaking now as the old huntsman, who said of his sport, 'everybody liked it, the gennelmen liked it, the huntsman and whips liked it, the horses liked it, the hounds liked it, and he wasn't quite sure the fox didn't like it,'—but I maintain again the little fellows liked it by the very fact of their volunteering, and my repudiation of their being fagged or bullied into the blanket

is, I repeat, confirmed by Sir John Bligh's words and action, and by the account given by the friend of Taffy Williams, that 'he was enjoying the sport.' It was a curious and very exciting sight and operation—all was done in strict order, and the tossers, eight to a blanket, were practised, one by one, between 'old hands' till they had gone through an apprenticeship, and could pull steadily. Those who have not seen the operation would never make out for themselves how it was done. The old warning to a single man not to get into the company of a dozen single ladies or they would toss him in a blanket, is not strictly needed, for the ladies would have no idea how to do it; they might hustle a helpless fellow into a blanket, but they might shake and pull as much as they pleased and they would do nothing towards tossing him, unless they knew how.

The operation was as follows: eight practised hands held the sides of the blanket, which was laid loosely on the ground, and into which the little fellow stepped and sat down. It was then gently raised, and, with one foot forward and

one balancing behind, all followed the words of the captain of the pull.

'Ibis ab—excuss—so—missus ad—astra sa—go!' swaying five times with the loose blanket, then at the sixth 'go,' all drew back with a sharp pull and the little fellow danced like a pea on a drum, a little way at first, then—if he asked for it, as he generally did—'excelsior' and 'excelsior' each time till he said he had had enough. I cannot pretend to regret that the practice was given up, for really, in that high chamber, with inexperienced blanket-servers, there was too great temptation to spin a little fellow too hard, and so it seems a wonder there was not oftener an accident, whereas, as far as I know, there was never before any serious mishap on record; and really, after this hairbreadth escape of 'Taffy' Williams under God's special Providence, a distinct prohibition was undoubtedly justified. The point which I wished to protest against, and which I hope I have established, is that it was not a case of bullying or fagging. Now that we shall never look upon its like again, I am glad to think I saw the real thing with my own eyes, and I can fully appreciate the excite-

ment of the tosser and tossee, when, in both parties, every muscle moved and swayed in unison with the song, 'Ibis ab—excuss—so—missus ad—astra sa—go.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

DISGRACEFUL ARRANGEMENT FOR COLLEGERS.

LOOK BACK ON DISGRACEFUL ARRANGEMENTS FOR COLLEGERS —INADEQUATE SUPPLY OF FOOD—NOTHING BUT MUTTON, AND NOT ENOUGH OF THAT—COMPARE WITH PRESENT ACCOMMODATION, AND TREATMENT IN COLLEGE AND IN HALL—HONOUR TO PROVOST HODGSON, WHO INAUGURATED THE CHANGE, AND GAVE COLLEGERS THEIR DUE.

When I look back and think what college was, and what it is now—how we were lodged and fed, or half-fed, and *not* waited upon; how those who did not like to put up with the miserable accommodation of Long Chamber were obliged to pay the college (who ought to have lodged us) extra fees to be allowed to sleep in Lower and so-called Carter's Chambers, not a bit better in comfort or in anything, except that there were about eight in a room instead of fifty; when I think that, though we were supposed to be fed, and there was a large hall

and necessary kitchens where all might have been provided, still nothing for breakfast was provided, that mutton, and mutton only, was supplied for dinner from week's end to week's end, though of that I should not have complained (as to this day I always eat mutton by preference when I see it) had there been enough of it, but there was not enough of it, and we were always obliged to buy something of the cook, who made a good thing by his many and many plates of food ready for us, and really necessary for our health and strength; when I think that no tea and no supper were provided, except a very scanty proportion of this mutton for the sixth form; when I think that we were obliged to hire a room up town for our meals, which we had to buy for ourselves, and which ought to have been provided for us by the college; when I think that our parents had to pay a dame to see to our washing and our clothes, to provide us our necessaries and collect our bills, and to offer us a room to sit in when we were on the sick list and had to 'stay out;' when I think that the sixth-form colleger's bills, including all the extras, really necessaries for him, were within

fifteen pounds of a fifth-form oppidan's—as I know was the case when my brother was on the Foundation, and I, in the middle division, was at a dame's; when I compare all this with the comfort and food and attendance that the collegers enjoy at this day (which they really have won by their own wits) and upon which I congratulate them, only wondering where the funds providing for the board and lodging of those on the Foundation went to in our time—I am more than surprised at the liberality of the royal founder and the grand opening now given to boys who are willing to work out their own education for all the professions at a very moderate cost, under the system that at present prevails of

'Palmam qui meruit ferat.'

The wonder was that the abuses should have existed and should still have been carried on so long in the face of disclosures made on the report of the public-schools commission.

All honour, I must say, to Provost Hodgson, who, upon his appointment, immediately took measures for bettering the condition of the collegers, even at the expense of the curtailment

of his own income. He was the first to acknowledge, and, in a straightforward way, to act up to his conviction, that the boys were *not* treated as ordered by the statutes, and that the authorities unduly favoured themselves in the distribution of the emoluments of the college; and indeed, whatever they pleaded in their own justification, I believe Lyte's words were generally accepted as a fair statement: 'No candid person (after the report of the commission) could fail to see that in course of time the rulers of the college had magnified their office at the expense of those whose interests it was their duty to protect.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ABRAHAM, BISHOP OF WELLINGTON.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS—ABRAHAM, BISHOP OF WELLINGTON—SUPERVISION OF FOUNDATION BOYS—I OWE BISHOP ABRAHAM MUCH—AS COADJUTOR TO BISHOP SELWYN.

AGAIN when I look back upon the nightly scenes in Long Chamber which I have recounted, and many more such might be added; when I think of the shortcomings of the rule of the sixth form without supervision, and the things that they themselves at times permitted and joined in, I cannot blame them, for boys will be boys—and after all lads of eighteen are only boys. Boys may be made good adjutants, but are not fit for independent command, and, if uncontrolled, from very exuberance of spirits are likely to run into excess if nobody tries to put and keep them in the right way. But what are

we to say of the authorities who knew these things, for they had been going on in their own time, and I believe from time immemorial, and yet they winked at them.

Well, the less we say the better. But we must be more strong and decided in praise and honour to Abraham, afterwards Bishop of Wellington, who was the first to break up the old rotten and, to the collegers, most unjust system, and who gave up a prospect of lucrative career with full house and seventy pupils, to take up his lodging in humble quarters on the same flat as Long Chamber, and to devote himself to the supervision of the Foundation-boys; not only to supersede the long-established dominion of the sixth form, which had undoubtedly failed, but to enable work to be carried on steadily in the evenings without outrageous interruptions, and so to give the collegers fair play in their competition with the oppidans. Abraham was no crabbed or morose sage who would interfere with all fun; he only wanted fun at proper times and proper places. Well as he had done in all his course at Eton and at Cambridge, he was no bookworm; he held with Peter Parley, or

poor Richard, or some other worthy who said, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and that 'mens sana in corpore sano' is the result of healthy exercise. He had been in the eleven at cricket, and was very good at the wall, and I may add that, when I was joint captain of football, I was always glad to choose him on my side, as he kicked well and no one was more active or likely to run the ball down to the corner and get a shy at goals. Looking back, I personally feel that I owe him much, and I am glad to have the opportunity of publicly paying what I owe. Next below me in school for nearly nine years, I always felt he kept my nose to the grinding-stone, not only by his good, steady example in working at his lessons, but indirectly by fear lest he should go over my head; but I will acknowledge with thankfulness he was a good example in all things, and freely confess that, had I strictly followed him, I should have been in all things a better man. We, his friends, congratulated him when he returned from his rough work as bishop of an extensive diocese in New Zealand, to take up an appointment offered by his old friend and col-

league, Bishop Selwyn, to come back and help him as coadjutor in the see of Lichfield. Many thought he had got what he deserved, 'otium cum dignitate,' and wished him long life to enjoy it; but real 'otium' was the last thing he would have wished, for hard work was his second nature, and that I am sure he will continue to carry on as long as strength is granted, and will always be at the service of his present diocesan for any episcopal functions in which he may be able to give help; and, when called to his actual rest, he will carry with him the respect of all who have had the privilege of his acquaintance, and leave a name remembered by posterity, specially revered by all connected with his old school, and deserving to be read in the chapel on Founder's Day, in the list of many other old worthies, as one of the benefactors of the collegers at Eton.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCLUSION.

'TIS DONE'—I HAVE SAID NOTHING TO ENCOURAGE IDLENESS—FAULTS OF THE SYSTEM—GENERAL TENDENCY—STILL INSPIRES THE SAME FEELINGS OF LOYALTY.

No doubt, as boys, we enjoyed all these things that I have recounted. We used to think

'Hæc olim meminisse juvabit,'

and in our old age we live on, and laugh at the past.

And now, my young friends, ''tis done.' I hope I have said nothing to encourage idleness or discourage head work. I have set before you some of the fun and some samples of the system of Keate's time. My great object has also been to set before you what our heroes in

all professions have done in spite of the fun, which many thought left too few 'intervals for lessons,' and in spite of the system, of which many parts, we admit, were disgraceful. As to whether the curtailed fun and the increased lessons of the present system will show, at the end of the next half century, as many 'Emeriti' in all professions on the Eton list, 'nous verrons,' or, at least, they will see who are then alive.

In the meantime I beg to say to everyone in 'statu pupillari,' from the first form to the sixth, study the grand list that I have given, and remember the poet's injunction,

'Macte novâ virtute, puer, sic itur ad astra.'

I do not think I can do better than quote in conclusion Lyte's words,

'Changed as is the school in many respects, it still inspires the same feelings of loyalty and affection in the hearts of all those who have had the happiness of being educated within its walls;' and I may add that I am sure that my numerous relations, one and all, who can boast of being Eton Fellows, had and have the same feeling for the old school, and would now join

with one heart and voice in the old shout, 'Floreat Etona,' and heartily say with me, Eton, 'with all thy faults I love thee still.'

ESTO PERPETUA!

THE END.

LONDON: PRINTED BY DUNCAN MACDONALD, BLENHEIM HOUSE.